

# THE SATURDAY REVIEW

No. 3818. Vol. 146.

29 December 1928

[REGISTERED AS  
A NEWSPAPER]

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**SUBSCRIPTION RATES.**—The Subscription to the SATURDAY REVIEW is 30s. per annum, post free. Cheques should be sent to the publisher at the above address. The paper is despatched in time to reach Subscribers by the first post every Saturday.

## NOTES OF THE WEEK

THERE had been some talk in Washington of a hurried ratification of the Kellogg Peace Pact as a "Christmas gift" to the world. This hope has not, unfortunately, been fulfilled, and we shall have to wait until after the holidays to know the fate of both the Pact and the Cruiser Bill. We may console ourselves, however, by reflecting that delay appears to lessen the probability of reservations to the Pact, and to increase the probability that the Cruiser Bill, when passed, will be modified in accordance with President Coolidge's wishes, and will not specify that five new cruisers must be laid down in each of the years 1929, 1930 and 1931. Meanwhile, M. Painlevé, the French Minister of War, who is supposed to be a man of the Left, has done a poor service to his own country and to the cause of co-operation between Europe and America by seizing upon the most unfortunate phrase in Mr. Coolidge's Armistice Day speech—that which suggested that war would have come sooner had Europe not made such expensive military preparations for it—to justify the proposed increase in French military expenditure.

By way of compensation for the uncertain future of the Peace Pact, there is now a fair prospect that during 1929 the problem of Reparations, and perhaps that of the evacuation of the Rhineland, will be solved. Two experts from each of the six countries which were parties to the decision at Geneva in September to form a Committee "to draw up proposals for a complete and final settlement of the Reparation problem" are to be appointed either by the Governments direct or through the Reparation Commission. Further, Mr. Kellogg has announced that "the United States will have no objection" to the invitation by these Governments to two American experts. It would be unwise to imagine that this half-hearted encouragement indicates any change in American feeling about War Debts. The United States experts will be there because, as the *New York Times* points out, "he would be a foolish creditor who should oppose a discussion of plans to reimburse him." Nevertheless, we warmly welcome their appointment, because their presence will greatly help to keep the discussion on financial rather than political grounds, and it is obvious that only when the problem is dealt with financially will there be any hope of its definite solution.



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The League of Nations has met with success in its Greek and Bulgarian refugee settlement schemes only because it has reserved all the money obtained by its international loans purely for constructive work, leaving the urgent temporary needs to be met by private charity. This principle, though drastic, is essential when unlimited funds are not available, and might be adopted by the Government in dealing with our unemployment problem. In the same way the development of trade should be the principal object of our foreign policy since real power nowadays depends much more upon economic than upon military strength. It is for these reasons that we welcome so warmly the British recognition of the Nationalist Government in China, a country which under a stable regime should afford immense markets for British traders who have enough initiative to adapt their products to Chinese tastes. Sir Miles Lampson, our Minister, is to be congratulated on his success; he has had unusually enlightened Foreign Office support throughout his negotiations.

The signature of the British tariff treaty and the recognition of the Nanking Government are of value also because they prove that fears of a new Anglo-Japanese alliance aroused in the United States, especially by the statements of Count Uchida on his return home after a tour in Europe, are unfounded. On the other hand, it would be to the general advantage if British diplomacy could help to smooth away the obstacles to Sino-Japanese agreement. Japan is now the only country of importance which has not some form of commercial understanding with the Nationalists, and Chinese bitterness against the maintenance of Japanese troops in Shantung is becoming dangerous. The new tariff agreed to by the other Powers is to come into force on February 1, and obviously they cannot agree that Japan, taking her stand on the 1896 treaty, should pay much lower duties than they. The anti-Japanese boycott would consequently become acute, and the Tanaka Government, unless it desires general unpopularity, would do well to accept any mediation which offers itself.

A political situation that may become unusually interesting has been created by the growing tendency of industrial labour to turn towards safeguarding. The woollen unions recently decided by a majority (though not, we believe, a very large one) in favour of supporting the safeguarding of the woollen textile trade, and although Mr. Snowden and the parliamentary representatives of the trade immediately damned the proposal with bell, book and candle, there is no guarantee that political Labour will be able to quell the "heresy." Indeed, the movement is on the whole more likely to extend, for it would not be in the least unnatural that the workers should be tempted to coquet with a policy which seemed to hold a promise of decreasing unemployment and raising wages by keeping out the products of cheap foreign labour. If the day should ever come when the iron and steel workers should decide as the woollen workers have decided it would spell the end of Free Trade as a Labour Party doctrine.

Some such development has, of course, long been foreseen as possible and even probable. Labour has never held fanatically to Free Trade

as Liberalism has done—and for obvious reasons. What will make the present situation peculiarly interesting if it should develop will be that the clash between the industrial and political elements of Labour must raise the whole question of the anomalous position of the Labour Party in claiming to be a national party. Which way would it go? Would it follow its political instinct and plump for Free Trade, risking the loss of support from workers who now vote for it but might come to believe in Safeguarding? Or would it elect to remain a *Labour* party, accepting the ruling of the unions and risking the loss of support as a national party? A Labour Party committed to Safeguarding or even tacitly favourable to it would be a godsend to the Liberals, to whom it would offer their one chance of real revival. In that event we might see stranger things than a Conservative-Labour combination to effect Safeguarding, with the Liberals as the official Opposition.

Meanwhile, more is likely to be heard from the Conservative side on the Safeguarding issue before the new year is very old. The parliamentary group headed by General Page Croft which is actively engaged in pushing it forward as an election plank met just before Christmas and passed a resolution again urging it on the Government and decided to ask the Prime Minister to call a party meeting on the matter. It will not rest there. A Cabinet Minister—Mr. Amery—speaking in his constituency just after the House rose, spoke of the need of extended tariffs for depressed industries. "It is to this task," he said, "that the efforts of the Government in the new Parliament must be directed." It looks increasingly as though in one degree or another and in one guise or another the next Conservative Government will stand committed to an extension of tariffs.

In the week before Christmas the Federation of British Industries and the Confederation of Employers' Organizations met to consider the questions of their respective organizations taking an official part in the Melchett-Turner discussions. On the Wednesday of that week the Federation issued a statement to the effect that the matter was one of such complexity that it had been decided to set up sub-committees for its further consideration. Others besides Mr. Turner himself are beginning to wonder what is the reason for this apparently excessive caution and delay: *Fabius Cunctator* was a pusher beside the F.B.I. and the C.E.O. The Trades Union Congress agreed last September to enter the discussions officially on behalf of labour; the employers have had since that time to make a decision in the same sense (or, if they thought better, in a contrary sense), but when at last they meet to discuss it they only get as far as appointing sub-committees. It may be that they have good reasons for their hesitation, but they are doing their cause no good by appearing to lag behind Labour in a desire to promote peace and co-operation in industry. A decision to join in the discussions need not involve them in compromise with any views they may hold; the goal in view is too important for them even to seem to hesitate in pursuing it.



The process of rationalization which is slowly forcing itself by sheer weight of necessity on the heavy industries of this country—the complement of the Melchett-Turner move in the rehabilitation of British industry—took a notable step forward last week when the fusion was announced of Messrs. Vickers and Armstrong-Whitworth (already partially merged) with Messrs. Cammell Laird. Close upon it came the admission at the annual meeting of Messrs. Dorman Long that negotiations are in process between this company and Messrs. Bolckow, Vaughan. Details of this move are naturally lacking; the Vickers-Armstrong-Laird merger is not as yet to cover every interest, but it will probably lead to more complete fusion in the future, and meanwhile the firms concerned are likely in practice to work in co-operation in ways outside the scope of the present agreement. Amid the deep depression that still surrounds us these signs hold out happier promise for 1929.

The attempt made by a young Alsatian student on the life of M. Fachot, who was Public Prosecutor at Colmar at the time of the autonomist trials there, will have the unfortunate results common to all political assassinations—a bad situation will be made considerably worse. A committee of the Chamber has been discussing a Bill designed to strengthen the measures the Government are entitled to take in dealing with this home rule movement, but many deputies were reluctant to make freedom of thought and opinion a political crime. Now there is such a wave of angry reaction that their scruples are likely to disappear, and it is probably no exaggeration to say that the chances of a compromise between the ideas of Paris and those of Strasbourg have been diminished by fifty per cent.

The Government acted promptly in setting up an enquiry into the cause of the street explosion which shook Bloomsbury last week. The fact that there was only one fatality was a piece of good fortune which could not be counted on a second time. As it was, the damage to property has been estimated at a quarter of a million sterling and the loss of trade consequent on the chaotic dislocation of traffic cannot be computed; it is only elementary precaution to find out why the thing happened and try to prevent its happening again. The explosion has rightly or wrongly made suspect the whole subterranean system of pipes and wires which burrows its way beneath London's streets; it is suggested that the extra vibration caused by the enormous increase in weight and volume of modern traffic makes the system no longer safe. The prospect of traffic congestion being aggravated for years to come by the complete relaying of the underground supply system is not one to allure the Londoner; but there can be no doubt that once done the gain would be great. As Lord Montagu of Beaulieu said in a letter to *The Times* this week, road surfaces are ruined by constant sub-surface repairs. "To attempt to combine a modern road or street with 'a place to lay pipes in' (as the schoolboy said) is to spoil a highway and render access to the public services extremely expensive and difficult."

## THE COMING ELECTION

THE year 1928 has been quiet in its politics but by no means uninteresting; it closes with an air of keen expectancy. Parliament has been less prolific of legislation than usual, partly because the session ended this year with the summer holidays, and what would have been in other years an autumn session is now the beginning of a new session and its legislation will carry on into next year. Even so it has passed into law two Bills of first-rate importance: the Women's Enfranchisement Bill and the Betting Bill. The first Bill was all but an agreed measure between the Parties but it marks the end of an epoch which began with the first Reform Bill of nearly a hundred years ago. We have now carried enfranchisement as far as it will go, and if any further electoral changes are to be made they can only be in the size of the constituencies and in the methods of polling; they will be decided as questions not of democratic right but of democratic efficiency, which raises different principles altogether.

It is more than a coincidence that the end of the process of emancipation should coincide with extreme depression in the fortunes of the Liberal Party. If it seems surprising that the Betting Act should be singled out as the second most important passed this year, the reason is that it is an unusual example of the Government's taking a constructive interest in the pleasures of the people. The motives of the Bill are partly financial but mainly social, for it is hoped by the totalisator to effect the same sort of change in the character of racecourses as Sir Oswald Stoll has made in music halls. Now that the Government have begun to take an interest in the pleasures of the people, they might go on to encourage the reform of the British public-house and make it worthy of its name.

The other work of the session—most of it still incomplete—has been concerned with the relief of unemployment and of our productive industries. This work was begun by a Budget memorable for its distinction (the importance of which has not yet been fathomed) between productive and distributive industry, and it is continued and elaborated in the monumental Local Government Reforms Bills, which are still under discussion. It remains only to mention without particularity a group of measures designed like the De-rating Bill to relieve unemployment, and to notice that the Government have associated themselves as equal partners with private charity to the distressed mining areas.

Important as the record is, it may well be that the main stream of political thought this year has flowed round Westminster rather than through it. Politics for some time have been shaping themselves like a huge note of interrogation: what will the people say at the polls next year? Only on one department of Government has public opinion declared itself unmistakably, namely, on foreign affairs. There has been general public dissatis-

faction (as strong in the Conservative as in other Parties) with the mishandling of our diplomatic relations with the United States and with the projected Anglo-French Naval Compromise which was generally regarded as a sign of dangerous subservience to France. The prevailing distrust of the Foreign Office is new in our modern politics, and it has reflected on Sir Austen Chamberlain, whose reputation has declined as that of his brother has advanced. But on the domestic policy of the Government public opinion is still uncertain, and the forecasts of the result which are so freely offered are best disregarded. It is one of the paradoxes of our politics these days that neither of the two Opposition parties has any objection in principle to any of the legislation introduced by the Government. There is a vast amount of political ground which is more or less common to all parties, and the criticism of the Opposition has turned on the detailed application of principles on which there is general agreement or on attempts to exploit local and sectional prejudices or difficulties. Whatever advantages there may be in these tactics are apt to be temporary and to disappear when the issue is put broadly before the country at a General Election; in the absence of a principled objection to the Government's policy the electorate is just as likely as not to cast its vote on the alternatives offered by the critics or on its estimate of the political ability of either side, or it may be hustled on some last moment issue that cannot yet be foreseen.

The Conservative Party has two assets which will tell in its favour at the General Election. It is more united than either of its opponents, and (provided that the Party is not stampeded into Protection, about which the country is as indifferent as about the theory of Free Trade) its policy is definite and consistent. The second asset is the character of Mr. Baldwin. He has many detractors and he does not pretend to the more masterful qualities of statesmanship. But no one else in politics makes his broad national appeal. He might have organized his Party on the lines of class defence, but he has steadfastly refused. He sincerely regards the Conservative Party as the Party which will best serve the true interests of Labour, and his policy has been directed to that end. Moreover, his outlook has always been national, and he has refused to be diverted from his path by sectional or class interests. There is no telling how large may be the reserves of support in the country for these virtues.

Even if the Conservatives lose so many seats that they come back without a working majority over both Parties, it by no means follows that their policy will be superseded. Mr. Lloyd George, who has never been so great a tactician as is commonly supposed, has openly boasted that his will be the weakest party but that it will hold the balance between the other two and call the policy. Conservatives may have made a mistake in their hostility towards the Liberal Party, whose support might in certain circumstances be very valuable to them, but they are not without affinities on the Labour benches which would be discovered if Mr. Lloyd George tried to exploit a deadlock to establish his personal ascendancy. A far more likely result of such a deadlock as he prays for would be that

the two strongest parties would discover what a vast amount of ground they have in common and would decide to cultivate it together for a time. After all, they have both a common interest in defeating the extremists who behind the phrase of "Socialism in Our Time" mask a policy which is revolutionary in its objects, if not in its method, and would certainly destroy all hope of industrial revival. The success of the Melchett-Turner negotiations shows how attractive are the prospects of genuine co-operation in industry between labour and capital. It might well be that there are prospects no less attractive in exploiting the common ground in politics. We are not advocating what is called coalition, but merely pointing out that there are other ways out of a deadlock, should one arise, than falling on the neck of Mr. Lloyd George.

But there is no reason why Conservatives should make up their mind for a deadlock; their electoral prospects are sound and some reduction of the present Parliamentary majority, provided it is not excessive, will be all for the good of the Party.

## THE MYSTERY OF ZIMBABWE

By H. J. MASSINGHAM

THE news that a party of three women, headed by Miss Caton-Thompson, has been instructed by the British Association "to undertake an examination of the ruins of Zimbabwe, or any monument or monuments of the kind in Rhodesia which seem most likely to reveal the character, date and source of the culture of their builders," is of more than feminist interest. One of those cut-throat Battles of the Books, which do, in the end, affect history to a far greater extent than physical wars, has raged for many years round the ancient ruins between the Zambesi and Limpopo Rivers, "ancient, massive, mysterious, standing out in startling contrast to the primitive huts of the barbarians who dwell about them," as Theodore Bent wrote in 1892.

The contestants, like the Glazeliens and anti-Glazeliens after them, are divided into ancients and moderns—or rather medievalists, which comes to much the same thing when you are juggling with millennia. The moderns claim that the labyrinth of walls, temples, fortified granaries, monoliths and towers of granite, covering a vast area of country and composing five hundred distinct sets of ruins, were built either by the Portuguese immigrants in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries or by the natives, a mixture of older Makalanga, or "Children of the Sun," with infiltrations of their Matabele and Zulu masters, during the Middle Ages. Thus a Portuguese fort was built to the north of the Chicago-Gaika mine and personal articles of Jesuit missionaries were unearthed among the Dhlo-Dhlo ruins. The Makalanga traded large Venetian beads, and specimens of Nankin and Delft pottery lay on the temple floors in the Mazoe Valley. But the Portuguese evidence is extremely slender. Their historian, Corvo, says, "The early Portuguese did nothing more than substitute themselves for the Moors, as they called them, in the parts that those occupied on the coast, and their influence extended to the interior very little." The Portuguese hold on the area of the ruins in Mashonaland, Matabeleland, Namaqualand and Rhodesia proper was very brief and tentative, and there is even less plausibility in the theory that they were responsible for the overwhelming architectural whimsy of the Zimbabwees than there would be in the hypothesis that the Spanish



Conquerors constructed the Maya ruins in the forests of Honduras and Guatemala.

There is more substance in the view that Makalanga, by far the ablest and most refined people of the whole region of the Zimbabwe, were the builders at some period anterior to the Portuguese exploitation. On the other hand, their traditions are barren of any record of an achievement so eerily impressive that it recalls the archaic legends of the mythical Pelasgi or the Bronze Age Giants of the Mediterranean seaboard. De Barros wrote in 1532: "The natives say they [the Zimbabwe] are the work of the devil, because they are beyond their powers to execute." In precisely the same terms the rude Saxons labelled the megalithic architects of our Downland. Wallace declared in 'The Malay Archipelago,' "Where these grand works were being yearly executed, the inhabitants now only build rude houses of bamboo and thatch, and look upon these relics of their forefathers with ignorant amazement, as the undoubted production of giants or demons." The Makalanga have for many centuries been sinking deeper and deeper into the slough of degeneration, and there is little doubt that F. C. Selous was right in concluding that a fairer race from the north, possibly with Semitic characters, was mingled in their blood, a race which, cut off from its homeland, gradually reverted to the Bantu stock. These, he thinks, were the great builders of the Zimbabwe. Bent, Hall and Neal, who wrote standard books about the ruins, have pointed out some exciting analogies between Makalanga and dynastic Egyptian belief, usage and workmanship. The curious pianos of the former are very Egyptian; their wooden headrests exactly resemble those of the Egyptian mummies; the dynastic names of their chiefs were similar to those of the Pharaohs; they made beer in the same manner as the antique Nile dwellers; they were sun-worshippers and their games, music, circumcision and totemism showed mixed Egyptian and early Arabian influence.

Perhaps the chief difficulty in the way of accepting the Zimbabwe ruins as prehistoric is their immensity combined with the sheer mastery of the workmanship. The crude evolutionary theory that the works of man mount the ages from lowly to sublime is one that inhibits the disagreeably telling realities of deterioration. Yet no serious historian doubts that the great stone breakwaters of Ponape in the Carolines, the crumbling temple of Angkor Wat in Cambodia, the pyramids of the Maya, the buried cities of the Indus Valley, represent a widely diffused archaic civilization, whose modern legatees in their neighbourhood are utterly incapable of their conception. Certainly legend and archaeological data are not at odds in attributing the Zimbabwe ruins to a similar floridity in a civilized expansion stretching behind the margins of recorded history. Whether the Zimbabwe goldmines were the source of Tyrian Hiram's wealth in gold, apes, ivory and peacocks (viz., brilliant birds) in 1100 B.C. or the golden land of Havilah was the Ophir of Milton, Solomon and the Queen of Sheba, only myth, the smoke of history, tells. But the ingot moulds of Rhodesia and Falmouth harbour, one of tin and the other of soapstone, but both exactly alike; the conical towers of exquisitely-fitting mortarless stone resembling so closely the Bronze Age Sardinian "nauragues"; the soapstone birds similar to those dedicated to Astarte; the rosetted cylinders of the shape and pattern of those offered in the Syrian temples; these and other as concrete signposts to the Ancient East are less dubious indications of a goldmining civilization established on the quartz-reefs of Rhodesia centuries before the commercial alliance between Hiram and Solomon. To stake down featureless time by computations drawn from the solstitial orientations of the Zimbabwe open temples is hazardous, but the plain inference that the goldminers observed the seasons, punctuated the tropical year by

astronomical reckonings and practised a solar and phallic cult, does entitle them to a prehistoric claim. The actual distribution of the sacred buildings, roads, stone-terraces, walls with elliptical outlines and intricate entrances recalls in an extraordinary manner that of the megalithic settlements of Great Britain, and it is by co-ordinating evidences gathered from other prehistoric mining centres of archaic civilization that the huge enigma of the Zimbabwe will surely one day be solved.

What is unquestionable is that the first colonists of this Ultima Thule of prehistoric Africa were gold- and copper-smiths. Some of the shafts of the old workings are 150 feet deep and the galleries 1,500 yards long, while to this day they are advertised by the brokers as the most paying. The mines were precipitately abandoned by the ancient prospectors, almost, it would seem, in a single night, for the cakes of gold were found still resting in their crucibles, the crushing-stones with small piles of quartz beside them and the tools lying as the workmen dropped them to rise against their oppressors, to fall upon the spears of some enemy coming upon them like a thief in the night or to creep back to their dreadful slave-pits for the last time. So it happened in the Deccan, in New Guinea and the gold-lands of the River Yenisei, and what disintegrating catastrophe was it which swept away the old solar and mining cultures of pre-history in so many places?

The elusive culture of the Zimbabwe was marked by four periods. The first, and greatly the most superior, built walls of such solidity, breadth and laboriousness that a wagon with a span of sixteen oxen can to this day pace them with ease. The plan was elliptical, the batter-back was one foot in six, there were no false courses and the walls were bonded throughout their entire width. In the subsequent periods, the drainage-system was lost, the gold ornaments fell off in profusion, the oval was deserted for the rectangular style, the pottery degenerated with the quality of the building materials, the buildings themselves were set up on a meaner scale and the whole tendency was for the elaborate, the massive and the laborious craftsmanship to give way before the cruder and more perfunctory. These periods have been separately allocated to the Sabaeans of the Yemen in the second millennium B.C., to the Phœnicians, to the Arabs and finally to the native population imitating the monumental inspiration of their predecessors as infants imitate their parents. But if the ruins are genuinely prehistoric, it is best to regard the stages of decline as analogous with those of archaic civilization as a whole, and the successive colonizations themselves either as mingled waves from the north or as (in the later periods) no more than influences which modified the style of the first and grand period. Be that as it may, the ultimate decipherment of the gold-inlaid manuscript of the Zimbabwe may well alter our perspective of the past.

## THE LAW AND THE CHILD

BY a merciful provision of the famous Act of 1908 the Children's Courts are held in the strictest privacy possible. This privacy is loyally respected by the Press, in spite of the excellent prospects of many sensational stories, with the result that little is known even of the details of procedure in the Juvenile Courts. In the eighteen-thirties we sentenced small children to strangulation or deportation for the petty crime of stealing a few pence-worth of goods; even four years before the war we herded these young criminals with their more hardened and accomplished elders to serve sentence. After that, the danger that savagery might merely be replaced by sentimentality

was avoided; and now, in nearly every civilized country the law works against child crime and misfortune with committees of experts tirelessly engaged in the prevention of crime—the Juvenile Courts.

The working of one of these courts in the Metropolitan area shows, briefly, the scope of the work and the underlying idea. A significant fact is that, of the 1,098 children under sixteen charged in these Courts in London last year over half were put "on probation." Here the unfortunate as well as the naughty come before the magistrate and his two supporting justices, one of whom must be a woman. The Court must sit at a different time and in a different place from the ordinary Police Court; the police present are in mufti, and of the public only those directly interested in the actual case in hand are permitted to be present. The Probation Officers are specially appointed and highly trained.

In the whole of England in 1927 out of some twelve thousand cases heard "petty larceny" accounted for nearly 9,000 of the indictable offences; but other charges ring the changes through the whole gamut of child-wickedness and ill-fortune, induced by high spirits, disease, overcrowding, unemployment, evil training or none, drink or bad companions, or just "wanderlust" and more than ordinary talent. The prevailing atmosphere of the court is reminiscent of an efficient board-meeting. From the point of view of young Bill Sykes, aged eleven, charged with stealing coins from a gas meter, there is nothing even slightly akin to Chicago or the movies; it is most disappointing, for there is no audience to mark his heroic bearing, merely two middle-aged gentlemen and one lady, all three quite unmoved. These, with the policeman who "copped" him, and the probation lady, are intent on finding out why he did it, and on offering a much better alternative to theft.

Parents can and do charge their own children; the six-foot navy charging his ten-year-old son with being unmanageable is but setting the law in motion on his behalf and saving him, on the advice of the magistrate, from conditions that need no description when unemployment is added to overcrowding, disease and vice and drink. By law, any child under fourteen, beyond control, a truant, found wandering, begging or in the company of thieves or prostitutes may be sent to an industrial school till he or she is sixteen. Thus, and in certain cases of misdemeanour where Probation is impossible, an annually decreasing number of children is sent to the 27 Reformatory and 64 Industrial Schools under the Home Office in England. Neither type is punitive; both are remedial; but where in 1913 some 1,414 children were sent to them, last year there were but 414, one-tenth of that number.

The danger zones of London are Shoreditch, N. Southwark, S.E. St. Pancras, Holborn and Finsbury. They are especially so, for child crime, on Sunday afternoons in June, July and August, between 4 and 5 p.m. In 1917, the peak year of crime among children, 18 per cent. of the total charged were treated without a recorded conviction; last year this record on "no conviction" rose to 61 per cent. Probation has risen, too, from 13 per cent. in 1917 to 28 last year, for the system is succeeding and being perfected. Emigration is very low; only twenty-two "old boys and girls" from the Home Office Schools migrated in 1927. By way of contrast, though alike in their intention, take the Tribunaux des Enfants of Paris. These are served as wholeheartedly by their officers and have the zeal of the judge, M. Henri Rollet, in Paris, as we have the zeal of the magistrate, Mr. Clarke Hall, in London. The details of the Courts themselves are very different, in that in the Palais de Justice there are the three judges (no woman on the Bench) in their full regalia; robed *avocats* of both sexes and

*gendarmes* in what appears to the novice as full fighting kit. The maximum age is, however, eighteen and not sixteen, as in England, and this is a distinct advantage. Perhaps this extra two years accounts for the number of cases of girls charged with offences against morality. Roughly, the procedure is similar to ours, and the remedies applied are as carefully graded, the object in both countries being to save the children from "prison" of any type. Especially in France is the law framed to discriminate between those who have acted with, and those who have acted without, "discrimination." The Probation system ("liberty under surveillance") is given a chance wherever possible. Children *en danger morale* have the special care of the court and the many voluntary helpers.

The panoply of the law seems strangely out of place in these courts; the business of rhetorical "pleading" curious in an arrangement designed to reveal and not obscure the truth, and the sight of some small pale child charged with "furious riding" (of a bicycle) seated between two armed *gendarmes* in the dock almost amusing. But it is typical of the spirit of these courts that a conviction is avoided whenever possible and the child record saved unstained when he is given a second chance after the persuasive little exhortation from the President.

New Zealand is perhaps one of the most enlightened of countries in their dealings with children and by their Child Welfare Act of 1925, which was further amended last year, they clearly state what should everywhere be recognized: that children's courts are not "criminal courts" but merely one aspect of remedial measures taken on behalf of the children who need assistance and protection by the public services. The maximum age has been raised from sixteen years to seventeen, with extension in certain cases to eighteen. The Act, which was introduced by the then Minister of Justice, Sir James Parr, gave very wide discretionary powers to the specially appointed magistrates; provision was made for the appointment of "honorary associates" (of both sexes) to advise these magistrates and for welfare officers in each district. Great stress is laid on the fact that the ordinary procedure is dispensed with and, in fact, "the real function of the Court is not to decide whether a particular offence has been committed, but to consider the welfare of the child in view of all the surrounding circumstances."

This differentiation between "criminal courts" and the special courts for children is a big advance to the credit of the legislature of the Dominion. In most countries where the laws in this respect are enlightened, it is the spirit of the officers interpreting them that actually counts. The "Probation Ladies" of our bigger cities, for instance, find themselves with much more work, responsibility and influence than those defined "within the meaning of the Act." One of them found that the successful treatment of a boy inspired his mother to bring along other samples of the family for treatment.

J. W.

## LORD GLADSTONE'S HISTORY \*

By A. A. B.

UNLESS I am much mistaken, Lord Gladstone is already regretting his elaborate attack on Mr. Buckle—*infelix puer atque impar congressus Achilli*. For though the two men were born in the same year, Lord Gladstone is a child in the hands of Mr. Buckle. The gravamen of the charge, indeed the only reason for publication, to which the author was not "compelled by hunger or request of friends," is that Mr. Buckle, in editing the 'Letters

\* 'After Thirty Years.' By Viscount Gladstone. Macmillan. 21s.



of Queen Victoria,' Vol. III, suppressed those of the Queen which were favourable to Gladstone's Irish policy in 1885. It was a rash charge, because Mr. Buckle is not a fool, whatever Lord Gladstone may think of his honesty. Mr. Buckle replied, as in another journal I anticipated he would, that there were no letters of Queen Victoria favourable to Gladstone. The son, with nimble sophistry, then declares that he made no charge or insinuation, but was merely, like Rosa Dartle, asking for information, and coolly thanks Mr. Buckle for his candour. A man of Lord Gladstone's age and position, who employs such methods of controversy, would best consult his reputation and that of his father by keeping out of print.

But there is another and more serious accusation which Lord Gladstone brings, not against Mr. Buckle, but against the late Lord Salisbury and his Government. The result of the polls in 1885 was: Liberals 335, Conservatives 249, and Parnellites 86. If the Parnellites voted with the Conservatives, the grotesque result, a satire indeed on our party system, would have been a tie. Gladstone was therefore obliged to get the Irish vote, if he wished to return to power, and Labouchere tells Chamberlain, in a letter, that the G.O.M.'s desire for office amounted to insanity, adding, playfully, that to get on the Treasury Bench he would sacrifice Mrs. Gladstone and even Herbert. What is matter of history is that Mr. Herbert Gladstone was employed by his father to fly Home Rule kites in order to see which way the wind of Liberalism was blowing. The correspondence between Gladstone and Arthur Balfour was, of course, a manoeuvre, quite a legitimate one, to get the Conservatives to commit themselves to Home Rule, or, if they refused, to clear the way for a frontal attack on the Government in the House of Commons. The correspondence, which with a flourish Lord Gladstone publishes, was merely the fencing of two experienced politicians, and consisted of insincere platitudes about keeping Home Rule outside party politics, which both knew to be impossible.

I will now turn to Lord Gladstone's complaint that Mr. Buckle is wilfully obscure and short in dealing with the Irish policy of the Salisbury Government between the summer of 1885, and their pronouncement against Home Rule in January, 1886. Lord Gladstone and his father, having occupied that period in following the slot of Home Rule, with noses sharpened by practice, are desperately anxious to prove that Lord Salisbury and his Cabinet were engaged in the same pursuit; and seeing that they were the Government, it would have been culpable if they had not, in modern slang, been exploring the avenues to a policy. But contrast the methods of Lord Gladstone and Mr. Buckle. Frankly admitting that he does not know anything beyond the fact that Lord Carnarvon, at that time Viceroy of Ireland, did meet Parnell on August 1, 1885, in an empty house, not his own, Mr. Buckle limits himself to a brief suggestion or conjecture that Lord Salisbury's Cabinet knew and approved of the proceedings. Lord Gladstone treats us to pages of summarizing and repetition to prove that the Cabinet were in favour of Home Rule until the November elections went against the Tories. Lord Gladstone's sole authority for his attempt to fix this stigma on the Tory Cabinet is the 'Life of Lord Carnarvon,' by Sir Arthur Hardinge, at that time one of Lord Salisbury's secretaries at the Foreign Office. But in his eagerness, Lord Gladstone has overreached himself. Out of the mouth of his own witness Lord Gladstone stands convicted of the very crime of suppression of which he accused Mr. Buckle. In *The Times* of the 22nd inst. Lady Gwendolen Cecil invites us to read a letter from Lord Carnarvon, printed in Sir Arthur Hardinge's *Life*, but not included in Lord Gladstone's citations from that work, which states explicitly that Lord Salisbury, so

far from approving, demurred to the inexpediency of the Viceroy's interviewing Parnell, and in which Lord Carnarvon takes the entire responsibility upon himself. As the interview was futile, Lord Salisbury did not think it necessary to inform the Cabinet of the meeting, though I think it probable that Lord Ashbourne, the Irish Lord Chancellor, was in the secret. A further and conclusive proof that the rest of the Cabinet knew nothing of Lord Carnarvon's folly is furnished by the letter which Lord Randolph Churchill wrote to Lord Salisbury on December 22, 1885, which Mr. Churchill published in the second volume of his father's *Life*, and which Mr. Thorold reproduced in his 'Life of Labouchere.' In that letter Lord Randolph tells the Prime Minister that he is "consternated" by an assertion from Labouchere that Lord Carnarvon had told Mr. Justin McCarthy that he was in favour of Home Rule in some shape, which he (Lord Randolph) denounced as "an obvious lie. . . . If it is true, Lord Carnarvon has played the devil." This was six months after the secret interview in August. Really, when it comes to the suppression or omission of contemporary documents, Lord Gladstone is not the person to throw stones.

Some broader and deeper motive than an attack on Mr. Buckle's honour and that of the Tory Party in regard to Home Rule must have induced Lord Gladstone to compose and publish this book. Gladstone was overpraised in his lifetime, and Disraeli was overabused. The inevitable reaction has occurred, and since the beginning of the century Gladstone's fame has been sinking as steadily as Disraeli's has been rising. The discovery during the war of the disastrous result of the anti-Turkish policy of the Liberal Party has no doubt contributed to speed the decline of the Gladstonian cult. Besides, the twentieth century has taken to reading Disraeli's novels, and numerous biographies about the genius whom Whigs like Lord Clarendon and all good Gladstonians covered with vulgar sneers. That all this should be irritating to the Gladstone family is natural enough. But to expose their annoyance to the world by trying to revive an extinct enthusiasm for their illustrious sire is pure folly.

## THROUGH A FIRE-LIT WINDOW

BY HAROLD HODGE

IT is pleasant in midwinter to sit and let the dusk descend upon you; to feel it gaining on you. The growing silence encloses you: the stillness takes possession of you. As the day sinks and the houses opposite and the trees fade out, new lights appear—lamps and reflections and fire-lit windows and all the cheerful company of winter in a street. These emphasize the darkness; they do not jar. Surrendered utterly to the moment, your ears attune themselves to the small talk of the fire, that whispered conversation which never ceases and never irritates, though from time to time a tiny subsidence of wood or coal, whose support has been burnt away, breaks in on the silence. It is sweet to listen to the firesprites. The silence gains, too, by noises from without, noting the hush that reigns with the frost. Not many venture forth, but their feet who do make the pavement ring pleasantly. The quick patter by the unseen passenger coming out of nowhere and dwindling away nowhither set the dreamer at the window idly wondering. Why did that man come out on this cold night? Where does he live? Has he come out of the house opposite with the fire-lit window? That window has been exercising the dreamer for some time. That red square intrigues him. If we got through it, should we not find ourselves in a new world, as Alice did when she had passed through the looking-glass?

Within that ruddy glow burning so steadily is surely the neat perfection, the nicety, that always arrests one on opening the door into a garnished fire-lit room with no one in it. Any number of the little people might be here. But from time to time the glow is eclipsed by a flare; the window is enlightened by the leap of a flame, discovering an interior which the glow left unexpressed. Chairs and tables and even pictures come into being. Can they be real? Are they not flickering shadows cast on the wall? They do not seem to be solid; they agree with the mystery of the room. Then the light drops again; pictures and furniture go back into limbo; the glow burns as before; and the window resumes its old face. The interlude of white light has gone, the mystery remains, as the cone of light under water after a great disturbance. The underworld of a stream has its kinship with the world the dreamer thinks of beyond the window. Why does the idea of such a world with its elfin people arise? Darkness is a better artist in some ways than daylight, for it leaves much to the seer's imagination. Clear and drab would be that window in sunshine, with no interest for the dreamer in anything that concerned it. In the shadows of firelight it has boundless possibilities. What strange form might not come out of it? Wait; something is coming into it. A door is opening and someone enters. The uncertain light—the red and the black, invest the figure with doubt. It might be a man; it might be a woman. What is it going to do? It is carrying a light; it looks round and passes out. It is not a ghost; there is nothing ghostly about it. Yet there is something curious in its noiseless passage. Its brief appearance fascinates the dreamer.

Why? Anybody else coming into the gloom would have affected him just as much. It is not in the figure but in himself that he "imagines things." Firelight phantasmagoria will come when called more easily than any other. It is a pity Lewis Carroll did not give us an 'Alice through the Firelight.'

## PATHETIC FALLACIES

BY GERALD GOULD

IT is the very error of the moon; and I would not wager but that the other stars have something to do with it. There is a crispness about sensation, in winter moonlight and under the stars; a vagueness and a fear, too, when moon and stars are in conflict—the constellations, like daring fireflies, swimming too close to that cold radiance, and dying drowned in it—or, more wary, lurking just beyond its strongest power, showing frail and minute in the outer edges of the queen's dominion, regretting those older, those black and empty nights, when stars were masters. Or the wind comes up, with clouds; and all the lights, big and little, race across the clouds, as if a hand turned heaven visibly about us; and then fear goes away along the courses of the wind, and the human animal rejoices. To say that air and colour do not determine mood and destiny is to deny poetry, and the experience of early love. The moon draws the heart as it draws the tides, with briskness or terror or truculence in the cold, with a mild persuasive provocation in the softness of summer. Those who deride the pathetic fallacy forget that influence works both ways, and that nature gives the setting because we ask it for the play.

Melodrama has consecrated snow-storms to heroines, not too innocent (that is a baby under the shawl, and it will never know its father, or not at any rate till the last act, when there may be lines to show as well as to speak); but I am sure the scenes are true; I am sure skies weep white, soft tears over erring womanhood, and the drift at the old home door reproaches virtue for its harshness, typifying citizens' hearts.

What does it matter, whether we choose to say that nature cries in sympathy with man, or that man gives nature something to cry for? It takes two aspects to make a truth.

I am no naturalist, but perhaps the ignorant get impressions more directly than the wise; and, when I walk the country road, I am conscious of a stir, a scuttle, a complaint, an ambition, an expostulation of busy living. Melampus, says Meredith, walked

With love exceeding a simple love of the things  
That glide in grasses and rubble of woody wreck;  
Or change their perch on a beat of quivering wings  
From branch to branch, only restful to pipe and peck;  
Or, bristled, curl at a touch their snouts in a ball;  
Or cast their web between bramble and thorny hook . . .

And yet I wonder! I wonder whether wise love exceeds simple love. I wonder whether knowledge is friend or enemy to that delicious sympathy, half fear, half expectation, which runs to-and-fro, like threads of a spider's spinning, between the sensitive creature, man, and all that world of wildness out of which he has so industriously raised himself. We are fine fellows, wearing the reward of industry, walking on two legs: "magnificent out of the dust we came": but how far we have come we do not know.

Art is second nature. But what is first? Nature is here, in the veins, in the nerves; the straggling shape of the tree, the broken light on darkly-running water, are part of this earthly object, two-legged, five-witted, who goes about to admire them; and if a tragedy is enacted between wood and river, it was foreknown by the scenery better than by the actors. I hear of "inanimate" nature, but I do not know what it implies. Lear on Dover cliff; Lorenzo in the moonlight; Mr. Arnold, Inspector of Schools, pacing a street blanch'd in the moon—did they make, or take, the impression of nature? It is like asking which of two twos adds up to four.

Half-way down  
Hangs one that gathers samphire, dreadful trade!

Surely the samphire planted itself to furnish local colour for Gloucester's blindness and Lear's madness; I can imagine no other motive. "Dreadful trade!" I do not know how dreadful it is in fact to gather samphire; but I know that the phrase frames the tragedy of two most miserable old men. One of the two calls the other a "ruin'd piece of nature"; and that is what we all amount to. All of us only pieces of nature, and all of us within a few days and hours of ruin! It is a comforting thought, and explains why the heart leaps up at the sight of a rainbow.

Blasted heath, stricken pine, roaring torrent, silvery sward; they may have been overdone, and hence, presumably, the denunciation: but sense, common and uncommon, demands backgrounds and atmospheres. It is useless to say that the convulsions of nature do not suit with the agonies of man, because they do; and so do nature's harmonies with man's romance.

The moon shines bright: in such a night as this,  
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees . . .

Troilus, Thisbe, Dido, Medea, would not have denied the impeachment; nor would (in his better moments) our Mr. Arnold.

Ye Heavens, whose pure dark regions have no sign  
Of languor, though so calm, and though so great  
Are yet untroubled and unpassionate:  
Who, though so noble, share in the world's toil . . .

If there is fallacy there, it is the half-truth which gives to the Heavens their share of the conflict, but not of its necessary consequences. The race is run, as Milton said, "not without dust and heat"; and I cannot think that any competitor is exempt. My own more primitive belief is that nature suffers *with* us and *like* us. Winds howl, stars dance, comets dash most woundily about—is it



supposed that they have no cause for it? When I am walking that road of which I spoke, amid all the flurry and scurry of wing, fur, leaf, branch, stream—is not the trouble mine, and are not *my* troubles in their turn communicated to natural objects, to the very air?

The thing, I have admitted, may be overdone. But the overdoing is itself natural! In his perpetual attempt to put himself right with his surroundings, man easily goes too far: strains after effect: beats a bombastic drum: confuses the issue with emphasis and bravado. But that only shows the difference between bad art and good. I have quoted three poems—I could as easily have quoted three hundred—in which the scene inspires, supports, accepts the mood; and if I have not appealed to the “living air” of pantheists like Wordsworth and Shelley, it is only because I did not want to prove too much. I am in pursuit, not of an explanation, but of a sensation. In pursuit?—why, no: for I have caught it. It is the pathetic fallacy: the active sympathy of things about me for the thing I am: the friendly offices of Leviathan, and the sweet influences of the Pleiades.

## A DOG'S LIFE

By J. B. PRIESTLEY

AS a matter of fact, this is not by J. B. Priestley at all, but by me, William Priestley.

That is my name, as you would see for yourself if you took a look at my collar, a very handsome one, too, brass-studded. The reason why I am doing this instead of him (it is him, isn't it? I'm very rusty in my grammar) is because he doesn't want to do it at all this week and told me so, as he sat yawning in a chair, and so I said I would do it for him. He said he didn't care who did it so long as he didn't, and that if I had a subject I could go ahead. No thanks of any kind—just that.

This is the kind of thing a dog has to put up with, even an aristocratic Sealyham like me. I don't want to be snobbish—and nobody could say I'm a snobbish dog; in fact, I'm always getting into trouble because I don't mind passing the time of the day with a dog of any class when I'm out for a walk—but there's nobody here can show such a pedigree as I have, prizes and prizes on both sides of the family. Suppose there had been Man shows, how many prizes would my master and mistress's parents and aunts and uncles and grandfathers and grandmothers have got? Not so many. Probably none. However, thanks or no thanks, I promised to write this for him and I like to keep my bark. I told him I had a subject, but that wasn't strictly true. I haven't any particular subject, but I thought that as this is my first (and probably last) appearance in these columns, nobody would mind if I just barked about things in general.

I've no intention of doing this sort of thing often, I can tell you. Once in a long while is quite enough for me. I'm a thoroughly doggy dog and I like notice and applause as much as the next dog, but I draw the line at authorship. A trick now and again to get a pat or two is all very well, but to be doing it all day and then perhaps to get nothing much—no, not for me. And to have to pretend (is that all right? It looks queer) you don't care! I know. There

are men—authors—who come here and sit in the study upstairs with my master, and sometimes, if I've nothing better to do, I look in and listen to them talking. You never heard such stuff! “Well, old man,” they say, “I don't care a rap what the reviewers say. I never look at reviews.” And then: “I don't mind about the book not selling. Never thought it would. But I must say, when I see rubbish like So-and-so's latest, it makes me—!” And here's another favourite—I must have heard it dozens of times: “The fact is, old man, I shall have to change my publisher. That's the real trouble. Thingumbobs *won't* advertise. How can they expect people to buy a book when they don't advertise it? I've a jolly good mind to go to Bobumthings. Now they *do* know how to put a book over. Look at the way they've sold that thing of Bunkum's.” It's the same old stuff every time. And all pretence. My master's as bad as the rest. They're all alike, these authors. You don't catch me becoming one.

A lot of dogs are going in for writing these days, though. And some of them are making a good thing out of it. Somebody told me the other day that that Pekinese who writes ‘From My Basket in Mayfair’ is getting five cutlets and three jugs of cream for every article. And I know for a fact that the Irish Setter who does ‘A Londoner's Dog’ is paid at the rate of ten bones a thousand words. Those are the journalists, of course, and most of the dogs who write books don't make as much as that. But they seem to do pretty well. There's an old pug down the road who is always writing reminiscences, ‘Ten Years with a Dowager,’ ‘Bishops and Butlers I have Known,’ and so on, and I believe she makes quite respectable bonery out of it. This is a very literary neighbourhood, of course. I hardly ever take a walk without smelling several dogs who are authors. A fox terrier who lives in the next street has taken to writing detective tales—it was he who wrote ‘The Hambone Mystery’ and ‘Towser's Last Case’—and they tell me he is burying bones now as fast as he can. And the chow at No. 53 is a poet, or at any rate a sort of poet, for I must say I don't much care for this modern free verse stuff he goes in for. Here is a thing of his he showed me the other day:

Biscuits athwart  
And impermanently poised  
Trust.  
Hollow engines  
Motionless.  
Paid for.  
Come lady, it scabrously falls,  
So let us  
Feast, feast, feast Egyptians.

He told me it took him four weeks to work that out, and I replied that that made it all the worse. And so it does, don't you think? His mistress at No. 53 is a rich American woman, and I think that explains a good deal.

But I don't think I have explained exactly why I come to be doing this. The fact is, my master, like everybody in this house except me, has eaten too much this week. Dogs are supposed to be very fond of eating, and I admit I enjoy a good meal, but really there's hardly a single dog of my acquaintance who isn't disgusted at the way humans go on. I have one meal a

day, that's all. There are times during the morning when I have no objection to a mere snack, a biscuit or something of that kind, but I don't want more than that. But the people here—the little ones as well as the big ones—hardly ever stop eating. And this week has been terrible. It's been a queer week altogether. The little ones have been jumping about making more noise than usual—not that I mind that; I like a romp with them, so long as there is no tail-pulling and other hooliganism—and the whole house has been full of people and brown paper and string and prickly green stuff. And everybody has been saying something about "Erry Issmus." All sorts of strangers actually came to the front door, saying "Erry Issmus" or whatever it is, until I had a sore throat, barking at them to go away. But it is the eating that has really sickened me. I am ready to make as many allowances as the next dog for humans, but there is a limit. I could understand it if it were only the little ones, but my master has been one of the worst. It seems he is very fond of some stuff—you never smelt anything more sickly—called pudding, and some other stuff called "minspy," and he has gobbled so much of these things that now he can do nothing but sit in a chair and yawn and yawn, a horrible sight. He is getting quite fat, but he says he doesn't care, though I think he does.

He keeps all the things he writes for this paper in a kind of red box, and the other day they were all lying on the floor and I had a glance through them. And I was surprised, I can tell you. There's so much pretence about it. Now I don't fancy myself as an author or journalist or anything of that kind, and when I do write it is very rough-and-ready stuff I turn out, I know, but it is honest and sincere. I'm not pretending to be anyone else but William Priestley, the Sealyham at 27 Well Walk, Hampstead. I write—so to bark—to my collar. But my master is a complete fraud. To begin with, I notice that he pretends to be one of those quiet, kind, wise elderly men, who go about and notice everything without saying much. At least, that is the sort of man I should imagine him to be if I did not know him but only read these things he writes. And he is not a bit like that, really. He is not very old, and would look quite young if he ate and drank less and took more exercise—as I am always suggesting to him. He is neither quiet nor wise, but a rather loud-voiced, bullying sort of man who can be quite as silly—sillier even—than any of the little ones here. And then he hardly ever goes anywhere, and when he does he never notices anything, as I have heard my mistress say more than once. He makes it all up at home, sitting in the study blowing that horrible smoke out of his mouth. And he has a tremendous sense of his own importance, all based on nothing much, except of course that he is my master and there are not many men in Hampstead who have a first-class Sealyham to wag a tail at them every time they come in—and to write their essays for them.

He says: "Just wish them a Happy New Year, William, and then chuck it." So that's all. Good-bye—wuff, wuff!

## THE THEATRE ENDURING PASSION

By IVOR BROWN

A DRAMATIC critic is frequently asked why he chooses to endure; if he is honest, he replies that he has a living to make and that it is a great deal easier to write about plays than to write them. Furthermore he will suggest that attendance at the theatre on an average of four nights a week is no more of an affliction than attendance at Whitehall or the City on six mornings out of seven. He might, of course, have been pedagogue or parson, in which case he would have been paid about five times the ordinary journalistic rates for his periodical observations on the modern girl and obscenity in novels. But, having omitted to become even the most rural of deans, a man vowed to the drama may claim that the stall theatric is no more oppressive than the stall prebendal. In most cases it has a species of cushion and some relic of authentic springs.

The theatre is a peculiar institution not least in this, that the people who pay for their seats first stand in the street and then gall themselves on benches stuffed away behind the enstalled deadheads who never dream of paying a penny and frequently do not even applaud the show. The critic, whose ticket is so optimistically marked "Complimentary," does at least get reasonable working conditions for his sedentary labour. When I was young and eager I stood, scarce knowing that I suffered, I sat on the villainous benches, I made great gaps in my pocket money, and I still was happy in the frowst and jostle of the pit. Now that I am a playgoer by professional routine it is not easy to be ecstatic, but repose is at least attainable; the critical pew is never totally uncushioned.

On the other hand, to endure dramatic criticism simply because it is done sitting (little thought, no silence, but endless sessions) would be an unrewarding form of indolence. Unless a man has some real appetite for mummery, his better living is in the literary columns. The journalist who squares up to a pile of books every week has at least the pleasures of an armchair criticism which begins and ends at home; his "fotile," as the box-office maidens call it, is his own; there he may rest and ruminate while I am hastening to the tip-up plush of Shaftesbury Avenue. The chief reason for an unbroken loyalty is simply the fact of the theatre's variety. A bad book is just a bad book, but many a bad play is lifted into a good show by the levitation of inspired acting. Even when the mental illumination is a farthing dip, some sovereign lustre of personality may blaze out over the whole house. It is one of the tragedies of theatrical history that great actors should have continually loved piffing plays; but there is a natural prudence in this seeming desire to bury their talent under trifles. The less the appeal of authorship, the more room is there for the appeal of acting—or at least for a special type of acting, call it rhetoric, bravura, exhibitionism—what you will. The art of the theatre, being varied and co-operative, is necessarily rich in opportunities for compensation. Your hopes are always being knocked down by one dull clod; but near him and with him is perhaps the kind of colleague who has a spark, and he is your comfort.

I am moved to these reflections because 1928 has been undoubtedly a poor year, a year at the end of which a dramatic critic is the more keenly assailed with taunting suggestions that he must be a poor creature to put up with it. On the side of authorship there is little enough to be said. How is Mr. Sheriff to be assessed on one brilliant record



of the stress of war? Mr. Van Druten, plainly the author of the year, has had good fortune and fully deserved it, Mr. Miles Malleson had bad luck which he didn't deserve, and Mr. Monckton Hoffe has won a merited success with a very pretty piece of writing. Mr. Coward and Mr. Jeans each wrote a first-rate revue. Crookery Nook has been as popular as ever, and the admirable alliance of Messrs. Lynn and Walls has continued to give fine edge to the rough implement of farce. But the point of the year's proceedings has surely been the revival of interest in personality. That may be called, if you like, the revival of the music-hall, but the change is larger than that. It is a change which includes Mr. Charles Laughton at one end of the process and Mr. Herb Williams and Miss Gracie Fields at the other. Just as Mr. Van Druten has emerged fully equipped as a dramatist, Mr. Laughton has come up from the status of a recruit in no time at all; he has had hardly any touring experience, but he has done immediately what so very few actors ever do, he has become a West End "draw" in his own person.

There are two things to be said about English acting at the moment. It can give delicate expression to delicacy of speech and thought; it can be exquisitely light in mischief (see 'Candlelight') and it can react with poignant quietude to the muted emotions of the young modern (as was shown in 'Young Woodley' and 'Diversion'). It can be trusted to respect a passion scrupulously; the tearing business is fortunately beyond it. Mr. Frank Lawton, Mr. Maurice Evans, and Mr. George Curzon are the year's discoveries. Mr. Robert Speaight has toiled with a fine versatility in special shows and fully merits a good part in a good run, a piece of justice which I feel cannot be long delayed. Of the arriving young women Miss Kathleen O'Regan has shared Mr. Lawton's success. Miss Jean Forbes-Robertson's Tessa was a jewel of minute loveliness rather overwhelmed by a large production in a large theatre. Miss Alison Leggatt, in a wide range of good and bad parts, has amply confirmed all previous promise. Fine shades of feeling are always beautifully manifest in her facial play and range of tone, but she is never finicky. She can play crabbed youth or age with equal decision and she makes every point of her part vivid without violence. While there are players like these a dramatic critic would be a fool if he lost heart to go on. There is not one night in his week when he will not notice among our younger performers some piece of quiet fidelity or observant wit which is reparation for all other ravages on his time and temper.

It is true that modern acting, by concentrating on qualities almost tacit and on the finesse of realism, must seem small stuff to those who like larger music, less probability, and more vocal passion. When I saw 'Mr. Pickwick' I felt that here was a case for Tree and Tree-ism in all its branches. Pickwick himself might have been shamelessly over-acted; as it is he is over-laid—a worse fact. This particular piece would have been far better done in a production of twenty years ago. Not many of Mr. Dean's players seem used to the frontal and forthright attack on the audience which Dickens on the stage demands. The realist actors have lost command of rhetoric and cannot regain it at will. It is a pity that there is so much specialization and that an actor who once does well in Shakespeare or any other bravura piece is labelled "Elizabethan" and denied ordinary work in the West End. This segregation is a serious nuisance and I hope that it will be increasingly broken. I trust, for instance, that Young Woodley's promised Romeo will be sometime seen and that Mr. Charles Laughton has Shakespearean ambitions. That he is our next Falstaff is obvious; what I crave even more is his

Hamlet, for I like my Hamlets to be the sort that can and will speak all the lines and are not beautified gentry who simply cut the play to ribbons when they have to say anything unbecoming a suburban hero.

The endurance, then, of my patience with the stage and even of my passion for it has been stimulated by the actors, if not by the authors, of 1928. I am glad that the music-hall comedian has reasserted himself against the mass-attack of spectacular revue; I am glad that the best musical comedy of the year should be 'Funny Face,' which does not depend upon drilled choruses and plugged songs but on the individual genius of Mr. Leslie Henson and Mr. Sidney Howard. I am glad that we have on the legitimate stage a team of players whose careers are rich in possibility. Despite my wearisome evenings with inferior crook-plays and routine atrocities I am not downhearted. For comfort in the New Year I say to myself "Buzz, buzz; here come the players." There is always something and someone round the corner.

## LITERARY COMPETITIONS—148

SET BY L. P. HARTLEY

A. We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the best review, in not more than 400 words, of Mr. Aldous Huxley's recently-published novel 'Point Counter Point' (Chatto and Windus). The notice that has appeared in the SATURDAY REVIEW should be entirely ignored.

B. We offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for a Poem in the manner of John Donne, embodying one or more New Year Resolutions. It should not exceed twenty lines in length.

### RULES

- i. All envelopes must be marked LITERARY, followed by the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and addressed to the Editor, The SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2 (e.g., this week: LITERARY 148a, or LITERARY 148e).
- ii. Typescript is not essential, provided the writing is legible, but competitors must use one side of the paper only. Pen-names may be employed if desired.
- iii. Where a word limit is set, every fifty words must be marked off by competitors on their MSS.
- iv. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves to himself the right to print in part or in whole any matter sent in for competition, whether successful or not. MSS. cannot be returned. Competitors failing to comply with any of the rules will be disqualified. Should the entries submitted be adjudged undeserving of award the Editor reserves the right to withhold a prize or prizes.

Entries must reach the Editor, addressed according to the rules, not later than by the first post on Monday, January 7, 1929. The results will be announced in the issue of January 12.

## RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS 146A

SET BY IVOR BROWN

A. Why should not the best poetry as well as the worst doggerel be put in crackers? We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the best new and original cracker-poem.

B. It is the proper business of a pantomime to include a good food song; such wares as onions, tripe, lard, mince-pies, and treacly pudding have been celebrated. There is room for more and we accordingly offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the best new and original Pantomime Food Song, length not to exceed two verses and a chorus.

## REPORT FROM MR. IVOR BROWN

146A. The Cracker Poem attracted many of those competitors who can always be relied upon for taste as well as diligence, and there were no entries that could be dismissed at a glance. A few made the mistake of allowing their poems to stray too far from either the occasion or the content of the cracker. Some pretty symbolism and ingenious conceits were worked out. G. Rostrevor Hamilton sent an epigram which was a little below his usual form and a poem called 'Trinket,' which just missed being excellent. Mrs. Herbert was once ingenious and once sentimental and good in both moods. Sapiens, H. C. M. and C. T. A. Newall take honourable mention after G. Rostrevor Hamilton, whose lines deserve to be quoted:

Such a trinket in the ear  
Of Queen Helen would outshine  
Any brightness anywhere,  
Any stone from any mine.  
Ploughboy, give it to your sweet;  
She, alive, will give it grace;  
Helen's ghost can never meet  
Beauty's outcry from her face.

The two pieces which pleased me most were by Valimus and Arthur Oliver. Valimus, it may be said, is somewhat gloomy for the occasion, but his lines are eminently suitable for Christmas parties in Shropshire and places where they mingle cakes and ale with musings on mortality. Arthur Oliver's fancy is more festive, but the execution pleases me less. I accordingly name him for the Second Prize and Valimus for the First.

## FIRST PRIZE

I, trembling oft for chance or hap,  
Long feared what should betide—  
Yet spent in one brief, sparkling snap,  
My sum of life, and died.  
What I have feared, you fear, my friend,  
And guess, and question why:  
You, for an answer, to the end  
Must wait as well as I.

VALIMUS

## SECOND PRIZE

Lightly my love and I were wed  
Holding a paper link, a tinsel thread.  
By strife the thread is broken, but the strife  
Kindles a flame that holds the gift of life.

ARTHUR OLIVER

146B. This Competition brought a large and amusing entry, and, curiously enough, the types of food chosen were all different, ranging from chestnuts and plain boiled potatoes to fish of all sorts, bubble-and-squeak, and rabbit-pie. Some competitors wrote altogether too well. A chorus, for instance, beginning

Roast chestnuts, roast chestnuts, the warmth of the South,  
Glows now in the hand, glows now in the mouth

does not seem to have the pantomime ring, and I would like to hear the language of a hard-boiled comedian who was asked to put across the following chorus to a holiday audience:

That tubers plain-boiled be,  
Marie, is my petition,  
In full-dress panoply,  
And mealy composition!

W. G. smacked of Chesterton as well as of onions and his rhythm suggested a more educated singer than Buttons or the Idle Jack. James Hall was cunning about celery, but rather too much in the manner of Hood, e.g., 'It's clear we can't chew whisky, so whisky we'll eschew. I had no difficulty in selecting the winner of the First Prize. David Nomad's 'Select Cake' song had the right kind of popular rhythm and idiom, and, should anyone complain that the metre is occasionally mysterious, he not only admits the fact but encloses the music which is to help it along. His

verses are not so good as his chorus, but the chorus, with its masterly rhyme on plum-cake and stomach-ache and its final tongue-twister on the Wilkie Bard model, is much the best thing in the competition. I found it far harder to select the second prize. Charles Barber, who wrote "You can't judge a sausage by its skin," was too critical and not sufficiently festive. There was a nice chorus about buttered toast but the verses were not as likely as the refrain. Majolica's song in praise of porridge, had apt verses but a poor chorus, and José Hall spoilt a good effort about bubble-and-squeak by having two separate choruses and making an allusion to Parnassus, which I think to be outside the pantomime range of mountains. In the end I selected for the Second Prize Denis H. Croll, whose simple doggerel, with its false rhymes and complete lack of an idea, is very like the elementary ballad of the music-hall. One can see it thrown on the screen for the audience to sing, and one can hear the young ladies titter at the awful mermaid line.

## FIRST PRIZE

I

Here is a song I've been longing to sing,

All about something to eat;

'Tisn't a song about roses and wine,  
Moonshine and loving and Mother-of-mine:

This is a song for the table,

So give yourselves a treat, *take*

A tip from the stable, and sing while you're able,  
And mind you watch the beat:

## Chorus

Bring me a large piece of Seed-Cake,  
And I'm your friend for life.

Don't bring me plum-cake,  
Short-cake or stomach-ache,

I love my Seed-Cake as you love your wife.

Some men will trifle with trifle

Or gorge themselves with steak—*But*

They'll all be jealous and envious fellers  
When they see me saw my Seed-Cake.

II

Don't you agree, now you've heard it all through,

This is a jolly good song?

Better than howling you want to go home,

Back to the land where you started to roam.

Nothing to shock Mrs. Grundy

Or lead you into wrong—*So*

Sing it on Monday and all day on Sunday

And now, please come along:

## Chorus

Bring me a large piece of Seed-Cake, etc. . . .

DAVID NOMAD

## SECOND PRIZE

I

The doctor says I'm run down—

Too many late nights in town.

Says my nerves are all wasting away,

And I must have phosphorus every day.

## Chorus.

So I must have plenty of fish.

Any old kind that I wish.

Haddocks, kippers, bloaters or winkles,

That's the stuff to smooth out your wrinkles.

Fish for breakfast, fish for tea,

Fish for dinner, right out of the sea.

I think I'll marry a mermaid, he he!!

I must eat plenty of fish.

II

Musn't eat meat any more;

Or I'll go to a happier shore.

Must give up turkey, chicken and ham

If I'm to be made into a new man.

*Repeat chorus.*

DENIS H. CROLL



## BACK NUMBERS—CV

THERE is a sense in which the elder Gosse is impossible as a subject; his son dealt with him in a book that is, within its limits, final. 'Father and Son' is the best piece of work Sir Edmund Gosse ever did. Acute as his purely literary criticism often was, he was much less a critic of literature than a student of literary personalities. By a further limitation, to do his finest work he needed personalities of the second or third rank, of a somewhat eccentric cast, and known to him in the flesh. Such a sitter as Swinburne was not altogether to his purpose. He could make a brilliant sketch of the singularities of the poet in his personal essay, but the full-length biography, with all its merits, confesses that the inner life of that strangely organized nature has escaped the biographer. It was with beings whose conduct and emotions could be more safely referred to a single principle or, in the old sense, a humour that Sir Edmund Gosse was most successful, and in his father he had the perfect subject, the supreme opportunity for the simultaneous or quickly alternating indulgence of his reverence and of irony. That subject was too dear to him for the irony to be pampered, and too odd for any excess of piety, and it was treated when Sir Edmund's powers were at their height. What can possibly be added to such a book as he made out of it?

Perhaps only some trite moralizing. Yet I am moved to ask whether we quite appreciate what we have lost in the total disappearance of all pretext for the kind of spiritual conflict described in that book. From the literary point of view, it is a bad thing to be born free. The typical Victorian writer, though he could not have so exceptionally narrow-minded a father as Sir Edmund had, was born into a society which demanded of every human instinct a certificate of respectability; and if he achieved emancipation, it was only when he had in some sort earned it. The writer of to-day is born into a freedom which it is difficult to esteem highly, since it is for the most part the result of scepticism and indifference, and in being spared conflict he is also denied a valuable means of development. To live permanently with a sense of sin is, of course, a hideous way of living; but it is a deprivation never to have known the thrill with which, in a still earlier age, Leigh Hunt thought of himself as the boy who had once said, "Damn."

The elder Gosse was of those Victorians who spent great powers of mind in reconciling science with religion. So far as I have been able to make out, he fully accepted both the facts of scientific enquiry into the age of the earth and the Biblical account of the earth's creation by a single act of the Divine will. The fossils were there, and so were the literally understood words of Holy Writ. The explanation in which they were reconciled was that the Almighty had inserted evidences of evolution into a catastrophically created earth in order to tempt Victorian men of science into infidelity. Resisting such temptations, it was the business of a man of science who was also a Plymouth Brother to continue his researches and his spiritual ministrations without any sense of self-contradiction.

Living a saintly life, he was quite devoid of regard for the sanctity of individuality. That his little son had a personality of his own, with the right to develop in accordance with it, was an idea beyond him. The son was dedicated to the direct service of God on the lines of the Plymouth

Brotherhood. Sir Edmund, in mature retrospect, seems to have thought that he was the only Victorian man of letters so vowed to heaven, but an eminent critic once told me that he, too, when he showed a childish gift for verse, had his talents earmarked by his parents, and suffered terribly when later on he was driven by an irresistible artistic impulse to produce what seemed to his adored mother an insult to those vows. That a child's gifts are, after all, its own, and that the giver of gifts presumably intended them to be used after their kind: these were ideas to which pious Victorian parents were inhospitable.

It is easy to declare the Puritan utterly wrong, but more profitable to consider the extent to which he is right. Given his premise, it seems to me that all else follows inevitably. The absurd creature is not the Puritan pure and simple, but that queer and almost exclusively British or American muddler who admits of distinctions and degrees, whereby some poetry is lawful and some sinful, dancing in the parish hall an innocent recreation and dancing elsewhere wicked, an exhibition of Turner's drawings quite edifying and a candid biography of Turner an outrage. All the arts are rooted in sensuality, and the thrill felt by the saintly Christina Rossetti in writing the most sensuous passages of 'The Convent Threshold' differs not at all, from any moral point of view, from that felt by her unsaintly brother in writing 'Nuptial Sleep.' At the very best, all art is a means of intensifying those instincts which the Puritan is pledged to eradicate.

The error of supposing the semi-Puritan nearer to any valuable truth than the unqualified Puritan is an excessively silly one. He is merely a man who does not understand, or lacks the courage to apply, his own principles. Once admit that art, which is by its nature obedient to no laws but its own, can ever be lawful and you have forfeited the right to judge particular specimens of it by an intermittently invoked moral law. The Puritan can indeed be answered from totally different premises. He can be told that though art does not save souls, it makes them worth saving (worth damning also). He can be told that, if we are going to talk about design, there are clearer evidences of æsthetic than of moral design in the world. But to agree with him up to a point, without going the whole way with the Puritan, is to write oneself down an ass.

It is well to know the whole of the enemy's case, to see his principles incarnated as they were in the elder Gosse; and I think Sir Edmund Gosse was a better writer in consequence of his repressed childhood than he would have been if born in the purple of æstheticism and encouraged to produce patches of it. It is not really a tragedy that his boyish reading was so dreary; his appetite was not cloyed, and he even had a small positive gain in familiarity with some writers whom no one would read for pleasure, but who are useful for understanding of a certain period. (I remember his appreciative word when I had happened to write something about the curious mortuary literature of the eighteenth century as essential to a just historical view of Gray's 'Elegy,' which was very far from being an isolated phenomenon.) But it was the necessity of being very much himself if he were not to be a mere instrument of grace that was helpful to the future writer. When one looks at the Dobells, the John Addington Symonds, one may well say, "There, but for repression, goes many a fine talent."

STET.

## REVIEWS

## CAPTAIN MARRYAT

BY CLENNELL WILKINSON

*Jacob Faithful.* By Captain Marryat. With twelve plates in colour by R. W. Buss, and an introduction by George Saintsbury. Two volumes. Constable. £2 2s.

THE present generation, says Mr. George Saintsbury in the refreshingly vigorous introduction which he contributes to this handsome new edition of 'Jacob Faithful'—the present generation is still suffering from the effects of that virulent disease, which first made its appearance in England about thirty or forty years ago, and is still not entirely stamped out, a disease which the learned call "Chthesophobia," or "horror of yesterday." Its leading symptom is "an inability to recognize as agreeable, or meritorious, or even tolerable, anything which does not display the features, submit to the conditions and meet the demands of the present day." It includes a violent antipathy against antimacassars, George Eliot, and hot gin and water—and perhaps the novelist is the most heartily hated of the three. You can laugh the furniture covers and the hot toddy out of court; but the present neglect of nearly all the writers whom our grandparents most admired is not so easily explained. We cannot say simply that they are too long, and that we "haven't time" (though in nine cases out of ten that would be what we should really mean), because it is so obvious that we have far more time for novel-reading than our grandparents ever had. Office hours are shorter, holidays longer, and books much cheaper. We have to offer some reason for this neglect, and the present generation, unlike Mr. Midshipman Easy, hates being compelled to "argue the point." Argument is another thing we have no time for in what Mr. Saintsbury calls "this tabloid age."

But before passing on to consider the position of Captain Marryat, it is necessary to point out that this neglect of the older novelist takes two quite distinct and separate forms. If you ask a young person of to-day why he or she dislikes George Eliot, for instance, the reply will probably be that they have done their best with 'Adam Bede,' or 'Scenes from Clerical Life,' and have found it simply impossible, and after two or three chapters have had to give it up. But if you ask them about Marryat, they will answer brutally that they have never attempted to read him, and "don't intend." And, indeed, why should they? The whole trouble with Marryat is that he has never been taken seriously enough. His own generation regarded him as an amusing trifle, read him with avidity, and were secretly ashamed of the fact. The present generation, observing that he left the Navy to turn novelist in 1830, dismisses him as a solemn Victorian and never attempts to read a line he wrote. He is no part of "the education of a gentleman" (if such a thing still exists). No one minds admitting, in any company, a complete ignorance of his works. No one ever *did* mind—that is the point.

Marryat himself was fully conscious of the place he occupied in the public esteem, and in 'Midshipman Easy' he attempts some kind of an apology, directed to his own contemporaries:

We do not write these novels merely to amuse—we have always had it in our view to instruct, and it must not be supposed that we have no other end in view than to make the reader laugh. If we were to write an elaborate work, telling truths, and plain truths, confining ourselves only to point out errors and to demand reform, it would not be read; we have therefore selected this light and trifling species of writing, as it is by many denominated, as a channel through which we may convey wholesome advice in a palatable form.

Pure nonsense, of course. Marryat was a man with certain reforming ideas of his own—who has not? He was obviously opposed to the press-gang and, perhaps, to the punishment of flogging. But in writing these novels he had no more idea of "instructing" his public, or giving them "wholesome advice," than he had of teaching them aviation. If he did not write to amuse his readers, then he wrote to amuse himself—and a very good reason for writing too.

The irony of the situation is that modern readers would probably find him very palatable if they would only try. It is true that he fails to realize the predominating importance of sex. His female characters, unless they are comic characters, are introduced briefly, almost perfunctorily. If they weep in the hero's absence, we are told simply that they weep, without the slightest attempt to enquire into their mental complexes, as affected by the young gentleman's "sex appeal." On the other hand there are no sermons, such as Thackeray and Dickens loved to introduce. Marryat—this is the truth—was not a Victorian at all; he belonged to the preceding age which, in the normal course of "Chthesophobia," was less like the Victorians than anything that has happened since until to-day. He has a cheerful cynicism, which is of the eighteenth rather than the nineteenth century, and he should be as popular with us as 'The Beggar's Opera.' The story of the unmarried woman who had a baby, but pleaded that it was "a very little one," is one of which I fear the parentage is as doubtful as the child's; but the fact that Marryat uses it (in 'Midshipman Easy') sufficiently illustrates his attitude of mind. If we remember that he was born as early as 1792, and that he seems to have developed young, it becomes easier to place him. His origins are to be discovered, it seems to me, not in any of the works by Smollett and Defoe, which are mentioned by Mr. Saintsbury in his introduction, but in that remarkable work, 'The Post Captain,' written by John Davis and published in 1801, of which the Scholartis Press has recently produced a modern edition.

There is a sort of cheerful brutality in Marryat which we shall look for in vain in any of his contemporaries. In 'Peter Simple' and 'Midshipman Easy'—deservedly his most popular works—he will coolly describe the blood-stained decks of a frigate in action, and record how the round shot carried off the heads of "characters" whom he has introduced to us, and made us like; and then pass briskly on to the next incident in his story, as though it were all part of the day's work. When he finds it necessary, for the purposes of his very simple plot, to get rid of old Mr. Easy, he makes the unfortunate gentleman hang himself in a piece of his own machinery. In 'Jacob Faithful,' the boy's mother dies by spontaneous combustion, and the incident is described with a wealth of lurid detail which leaves the corresponding horror in Dickens's 'Bleak House' limping far behind. Poor little Jacob, aged eleven, crawls down into the cabin through the smoke, calling "Mother!" in "a trembling voice." He approaches the bunk, draws aside the curtains, and finds there, not his parent but "a black mass in the centre of the bed . . . a sort of unctuous, pitchy cinder." The woman had perished in this "very peculiar and dreadful manner" through drinking too much gin. And apparently we are expected to be at least as much amused as horrified at the affair.

And these are the books that nowadays (in our ignorance) we give to boys to read, as we give them 'Robinson Crusoe.' Happily they read neither. The real merits of Marryat—his clean, rapid style, the intimate picture he gives us of life at sea in the days of Nelson and just after, his humour and his virility, his lightness of touch, to equal which we must go back, beyond Smollett and Fielding, to Defoe himself—all this seems to have been forgotten, or 'Midshipman Easy' would



surely be the favourite bedside reading of many of those who revolt against the introspective solemnities of modern fiction.

But not, I fear, 'Jacob Faithful.' Between Marryat's worst and his best there is a wide gap. For a brief period in his life he was editor of the *Metropolitan Magazine*, and it seems, rather strangely, to have done him good. At any rate, all his best books come later. 'Jacob Faithful' is among them; but it ranks, on a generous estimate, only fourth or fifth. 'Peter Simple' (especially in the earlier chapters, and in that admirable fight with the press-gang) and 'Midshipman Easy' are quite obviously superior. "Of praising and, what is not always the same thing, enjoying 'Mr. Midshipman Easy,'" says Mr. Saintsbury, "there will, I hope, be no end with me till I myself end." 'Jacob Faithful' suffers from the defect of being concerned not mainly with the sea, where Marryat was pre-eminent, but with rivers and estuaries, and even with the land. Old Tom and Young Tom are excellent characters in their way, but we miss the smell of tar and the open sea. The illustrations, on the other hand—done by Buss, who was a part illustrator of 'Pickwick'—are the best in all Marryat, and are reproduced here by the same process, combined with hand-colouring, which was so successful in the recent edition of 'The Vicar of Wakefield,' with Rowlandson's plates, by the same publishers. Buss is not a Phiz or a Cruikshank, and the colour can safely be risked. It suits his breezy, rough humour, which was so wonderfully in tune with that of Marryat himself; and it gives just the right flavour to this new edition of one of Marryat's liveliest, if not strictly one of his best, books.

## THE POWERS AND CHINA

*The Chinese Revolution 1926-27.* By H. Owen Chapman. Constable. 12s.

*Foreign Diplomacy in China 1894-1900.* By Philip Joseph. Allen and Unwin. 16s.

*Chinese Political Thought.* By E. D. Thomas. Williams and Norgate. 18s.

WHILE our foreign policy and discussion is concentrated largely on European matters, students of international politics realize that the more significant changes in world values are developing in the East, particularly in Russia and China. The great lacuna in our literature lies in adequate material for estimating the position in Russia and the influence of Russian interference on the destinies of other nations. For China the situation is more fortunate: a stream of volumes of varying value has kept Western minds informed of the constantly shifting scene in Chinese affairs, and has estimated, as far as is possible, the more fundamental sources of action. Such are these three volumes, each very different in purpose and yet each excellent within its sphere, as satisfactory a trio of books on China as has appeared for some time.

Dr. Owen Chapman is apparently an Australian medical missionary in Hankow. He describes with admirable clarity the bid for national power of the Southern Government in 1926-27; and this topical account is set neatly in a brief summary of the Chinese Revolution from 1911. It is undoubtedly the best connected record that has yet been published of this recent network of military campaigns and political intrigues, and it may be well to summarize its main outline. The story that emerges has a certain dramatic precision. Early in 1926 the apparently disorganized Southern Government at Canton announced laconically that it was about to prosecute a campaign northwards. No one considered this seriously until there appeared in the Southern armies a young general of undoubted efficiency, Chiang Kai Shek. Hankow was captured in the autumn of 1926,

and the Southern Government moved northwards. In March, 1927, Nanking fell. The Southern forces seemed irresistible, but the cancer of division lay within their ranks. Their older political group was the Kuo Min Tang (Nationalist Party), whose founder was Sun Yat Sen; but since his death in 1925 the Kung Tsan Tang, or Communist Party, had developed with Borodin as its Russian initiator, and Eugene Chen, Chinese by race although a British subject and a London qualified solicitor, as its main exponent. The success of these first campaigns, as Dr. Chapman fully shows, were due not only to Chiang's generalship but to the thoroughness of Russian propaganda and Russian methods of discipline. Once the early military objectives of Hankow and Nanking were obtained Chiang, in possession of Nanking, restless under the command of his political advisers, allied himself with the more conservative elements of Kuo Min Tang and declared himself against the Communist elements at Hankow. Chiang himself had suffered in his own Sixth Army from the Communist element which has been to some extent the source of the outrages that involved British, American and Japanese subjects at Nanking. At first the political division did not represent any open division in military forces, but ultimately the Hankow Government attempted to prosecute war on Chiang at Nanking, while both continued their original project of a push northwards.

Such a position was impossible. Chiang succeeded in eliminating the Communist element, but only at the cost of his own temporary extinction. In August, 1927, after the failure of his northern campaigns, he resigned, and General Feng, who had emerged into the complicated campaigns in Honan, became Field-Marshal of the Nationalist forces. Later events have shown how temporary was Chiang's retirement. He is yet a figure of undefined dimensions. It seems that his drive against Communism, despite much of the personal animus that actuated it, was rooted in principle. A less pleasant side of his character is revealed in his methods of extracting money from wealthy and reputable Chinese by the mere device of labelling them Communists. Dr. Chapman's story ends with the temporary retirement of Chiang: enough has happened since then for him to write another book.

At certain points Dr. Philip Joseph's study of 'Foreign Diplomacy in China' overlaps Dr. Chapman's work. We hear from varying quarters adverse criticisms of our Chinese policy: that criticism is not supported by either eye-witness or historian. Dr. Chapman quotes numerous examples to show that during the Communist period a campaign of misrepresentation was conducted against the British, in which they, above all other nationals, have been isolated for malign hostility. One example is illuminating. After the Nanking outrages Eugene Chen issued a statement to the British Consul and the Press that one thousand Chinese had been killed and wounded: later he admitted that the number was under ten. When Japanese marines had to shoot on Chinese in Hankow the same paper issued accurately the names of the eight Chinese involved.

Dr. Joseph's volume investigates China's relations with the Powers between 1894-1900, the period between the Sino-Japanese War and the Boxer Rebellion. It is a period of which no nation need be particularly proud, a struggle between the powers for interests and concessions while an inert China watches herself being carved up and disembowelled. The significance of Dr. Joseph's study lies in his ability to distinguish between the rôles played by the various powers in that dishonourable decade.

Dr. Joseph's study is an admirably documented work, in which every speech and official communication of importance finds its appropriate reference. His own objective attitude to his material is maintained throughout. In many ways the work is a model of how a recent and intricate problem in international

politics should be historically handled. It is to be hoped that this book will be read in America as well as in England: the rather patronizing view of the American historians on British policy in China gains adequate reprimand in this volume.

It is with some relief that we turn from these troubled decades to the volume of Dr. E. D. Thomas which deals with the political thought of China in the Chou Period: there is a comfortable remoteness in the period 1122 B.C. to 249 B.C. Dr. Thomas, writing of China from Utah, Salt Lake City, surveys in turn the work of Lao Tzu, Confucius, Mencius and a number of others. His theme, as far as it can be expressed briefly, lies in the hope that China will seek help from her own tradition for her political salvation: "... it must not be presumed that I do not recognize the fact that most of the inspiration which republican China is receiving to-day is from the West. . . . But, in spite of this, republican China will be Chinese and not American."

### LORD CECIL ON PEACE

*The Way of Peace.* By Viscount Cecil. Allan. 12s. 6d.

LORD CECIL, like Mr. Bernard Shaw and Mr. Galsworthy, enjoys a far greater reputation abroad than he does in his own country, but even here he is one of the most influential figures in public life. Any book by him on the subject of peace, international or industrial, deserves to be widely read. This volume, which is a collection of essays and addresses prepared during the last five years, should appeal in particular to readers of the SATURDAY REVIEW, for two of its more interesting chapters deal with 'Conservatism and Peace.' The author underlines a truth which is not very widely realized: "Of all sections of political opinion," he writes, "they (the Conservatives) by both tradition and reason should be the warmest adherents of peace, for none have more to lose from the violence and national unrest caused by war. Nothing but war, so far as can be seen, so dislocates society as to make revolution possible in this country." He goes on to point out that, of the four larger wars in which we have been engaged since 1832, "three were begun under definitely non-Conservative Ministries, and for the fourth a Radical-Unionist member of a Conservative Administration was chiefly responsible," and in perhaps the best chapter of the book he maintains that national and international feeling are not incompatible:

Loyalty to a smaller organization need not be any hindrance to loyalty to the larger organization in which it is included. A county cricketer, if he is a sportsman, will not become less keen for his country's success because he is also a member of the England Eleven against Australia. A soldier's *esprit de corps* applies not less to the British Army than it does to his regiment.

The book is at times a little confusing; a lecture delivered in 1923 is wedged in between one given in 1927 and another in 1928. Inevitably, too, there is a certain amount of repetition, but Lord Cecil, despite his quarrel with the present Government, does succeed in suggesting the lines along which a sound Conservative policy in international affairs should proceed. His former reluctance to sign the Optional Clause of the Permanent Court of International Justice, accepting compulsory jurisdiction in what are generally called "legal" disputes, has disappeared with the signature of the Kellogg Pact, and he is not afraid to admit every case in which he has changed his mind, for with him Conservatism does not involve an effort to stand still while everything about you is moving on. Indeed, one of the greatest dangers to the League, in his opinion, is the lack of any adequate machinery to assure the gradual revision of treaties which become out of date, but which some of their signatories do not wish to change.

Lord Cecil is naturally rather bitter about the Three-Power Naval Conference, but there is a good deal of truth in his conclusion that the Conference broke down "because neither Government was ready to accept arrangements which their experts told them might in certain circumstances give to the other country some possible advantage if in the distant future the almost impossible event of an Anglo-American war took place." One closes this book with a feeling of regret that its author, who has done perhaps more than anyone else to encourage co-operation between the peoples of different countries should, by some odd kink in his character, be so definitely an individualist that he does not play that part in public affairs to which both his intelligence and his sincerity should entitle him.

### THE LAW AND PRACTICE OF THE AIR

*The Law in Relation to Aircraft.* By L. A. Wingfield and R. B. Sparkes. Longmans. 12s. 6d.

*European Skyways.* By Lowell Thomas. Heinemann. 15s.

AMONG the consequences of human flight must now be reckoned certain modifications of legal principles. These are clearly explained by Messrs. Wingfield and Sparkes in their handy compendium. It has hitherto been the maxim of common law that the ownership of the soil carries with it rights from the centre of the earth to the illimitable inane: *Cujus est solum ejus est ad cælum et ad inferos*. Thus any airman flying over ground in private ownership might be theoretically warned off as a trespasser. Obviously that would be an impossible state of things, and it has now been provided by the Air Navigation Act that:

no action shall lie in respect of trespass or in respect of nuisance by reason only of the flight of aircraft over any property at a height above the ground which, having regard to wind, weather and all the circumstances of the case is reasonable or the ordinary incidents of such flight, so long as the provisions of the Act and any Order made under it and of the Convention are not infringed.

In an appendix, which forms considerably the longer part of the book, the authors print the full text of the International Conventions of 1919, the Air Navigation Act of 1920, the Consolidated Order made under that Act with the amendments down to 1928, the Air Navigation Directions issued by the Secretary of State for Air, and other important documents. These are fully expounded in the body of the book, which, as Sir Sefton Brancker observes in his foreword, "should help considerably in dispelling the ignorance which prevails on the subject of aircraft law."

The versatility of Mr. Lowell Thomas leaves no element undescribed. After searching the land with Colonel Lawrence and the sea with Count Luckner, only the air is left to explore. Of course Mr. Thomas is no neophyte to flying, and in order to secure the freshness of first impressions he took his wife with him on the aerial trip of 25,000 miles back and forth over Europe which he describes in his new book. Mrs. Thomas has accordingly contributed some lively pages. Her account of her first trip in a modern passenger-carrying aeroplane is full of interest for those who contemplate making such a journey for the first time. It is difficult to give constant variety to descriptions of the land as seen from above for seven months, and Mr. Thomas has wisely diversified his pages with many reminiscences of flying in war-time, which are quite the most thrilling in his book. Those dealing with the exploits of the American airmen will be new to most English readers.



## SOLDIERS' TALES

*Soldiers' Tales: Recollections of Rifleman Harris.* 6s. *The Note-books of Captain Coignet.* 7s. 6d. *The Life and Adventures of Mrs. Christian Davies.* 7s. 6d. Edited by Sir John Fortescue. Peter Davies.

THE three new volumes of the very readable series which Sir John Fortescue is editing under the general title of 'Soldiers' Tales' cover a wide field. The recollections of Rifleman Harris—put on paper from his rambling talk by Captain Curling, of the 52nd—have been described by an earlier editor as "one of the freshest and most interesting soldier autobiographies." Sir John Fortescue justly observes that "there are few books which give us a better idea of the old soldier of a century ago." Apart from Harris's description of the ordinary incidents of military life in the days of stocks and Brown Besses, he gives us a very vivid first-hand account of the retreat to Corunna and of the way in which the gallant but fiendish-tempered Craufurd—afterwards the famous commander of the Light Division—kept his brigade from destruction:

We see Craufurd [writes Sir John Fortescue in one of his characteristic purple patches] whipping in some straggling riflemen and making them keep their flanks. We see his fierce black muzzle peeping over the collar of his drenched great-coat, and the water pouring off his cocked hat as he waits for the last of the exhausted rear-guard to give them a drink from his own canteen. We see him once again halting his brigade in mid-march, trying a couple of men by drum-head court-martial for straying away from the column and giving them a hundred lashes apiece on the spot, then turning upon a "grouching" rifleman and giving him three hundred lashes, and at last moving the brigade on again. "He marched all that night on foot, and when the morning dawned, I remember that, like the rest of us, his hair, beard and eyebrows were covered with frost, as if he had grown white with age." From the beginning to the end of the retreat Craufurd is the same, now sounding the depth of a ford with his horse, so as to ensure a safe passage for his men, now cursing an officer who, to keep his feet dry, had mounted himself on the back of a rifleman while crossing a stream, now threatening a knot of scowling soldiers who had hardly the strength to drag themselves on, then dismounting and marching with them to take his due share of fatigue. It is the best picture that we possess of a commander who, at once sympathetic and ruthless, fairly drives his men on whether they will or no, which is the only hope of getting an army through a trying retreat.

The most thrilling pages in Captain Coignet's 'Note-Books' also deal with a retreat—the disastrous retreat from Moscow in which the Grand Army and Napoleon's empire alike melted away. Coignet was one of Napoleon's *vieux grognards*, somewhat akin to Goguelat in the 'Médecin de Campagne,' who held Captain Genestas and the rest of his audience spellbound with the popular epic of the Little Corporal and its recurring refrain of *Était-ce naturel?* Unlike Goguelat, however, Coignet taught himself to write in a fashion when he was thirty-three, and painfully scrawled out his reminiscences of the great campaigns, from Marengo to Waterloo, in which he had taken part.

The life of Christian Davies, "the female soldier," has been published among the works of Defoe—it will be found, for instance, in Bohn's edition—but we very much doubt whether he had any hand in it. The style of the conversations is stilted and unnatural in comparison with those in 'Robinson Crusoe,' 'Colonel Jack' or 'Moll Flanders,' and as the book was not published till Defoe had been in his grave for nearly ten years, it is much more probable that the Grub Street hack who compiled it fathered it on a name more saleable than his own. The story has, however, a certain merit, and Sir John Fortescue confesses to feeling an attraction towards the coarse but good-humoured virago whose story is here sandwiched into a jejune account of the Marlborough wars. We prefer his own preface to any other pages in the book.

## NEW FICTION

By L. P. HARTLEY

*The Bells of Shoreditch.* By Ethel Sidgwick. Sidgwick and Jackson. 7s. 6d.

*Dragonflies.* By Andrew G. C. Gibson. Mathews and Marrot. 7s. 6d.

*The Best Short Stories of 1928.* (American.) Edited by E. J. O'Brien. Cape. 7s. 6d.

'THE BELLS OF SHOREDITCH' is very long and very difficult to read. Sentences are obscure, paragraphs are obscure, the whole book is obscure; it is difficult to say what the characters are doing, or why. There are quantities of them, some collected together in a high, thin house, called the "super-house," where for one reason or another they have taken rooms and live under the benignant presidency of Miss Auburn Sheriff—a kind of matriarchal system, as far as there is any system. They are contiguous, and their contiguity implies various degrees of relationship. One of these ripens into an elopement; others remain stationary. Scenes open and close; country-dancing, sensational happenings at a girls' school, a severe fainting-fit at the super-house: but all these things are as distant from the reader as events heard of or guessed at in the life of a chance acquaintance.

Miss Sidgwick's method shows the influence of Henry James. It is oblique and elusive; it rejoices to suck the savour from a single word, it seeks to obtain subtlety of thought by subtlety of utterance. But there the resemblance ends. The calm melodious flow is replaced by a progress of fits and starts. At first the intelligence is flattered by the confidence



## 39 Advantages

For the benefit of that large section of the public which finds itself bewildered by business language, the Westminster Bank issues from time to time simply worded explanations of various ways in which it is able and glad to be of use to its customers. A brief outline of many of its services will be found in *Thirty-nine Advantages*, a copy of which

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reposed in it, but soon it wearies under the strain, just as the human constitution, relieved and proud at having survived a series of jolts in a railway-train, rebels when the process is indefinitely repeated. The informality of Miss Sidgwick's manner (the dialogue is colloquial and intimate, like an exchange of remarks between thought-readers to whom language and even articulateness are really otiose) irritates one greatly; so that one longs for a page composed exclusively of conjunctions. The book proceeds chiefly by dialogue, and it is like listening to scraps of conversation between people to whom one has not been introduced, and about whom one can only say with certainty that some are richer than others. If only Miss Sidgwick could have managed to make her meaning plainer! There is obviously a great mass of material in the book; turns of phrase, flashes of insight, are delightful, the impression of a high intellectual level conscientiously maintained, is satisfactory. But the central thread of interest is so frail that nothing accumulates, everything goes to waste, and the general effect is one of chaos, an obstacle-race without a prize.

'Dragonflies' is another ambitious book. It describes the spiritual odyssey by which Janet Meredith is induced to marry one schoolmaster instead of another. It is a very feminine story, seen through the consciousness of the heroine, and told in an ecstatic, exclamatory style, that sometimes rises to real lyrical feeling, but is generally mere gush:

"His soul needs me. His soul is not whole; nor is it sexless. It is for me to make it sexless and complete by taking the body out of his soul to make room for the rest to grow."

"That is fine enough rhetoric, Janet, but make sure in your mind whether it is not over-idealistic. You must hitch your Pegasus to something more substantial than a star."

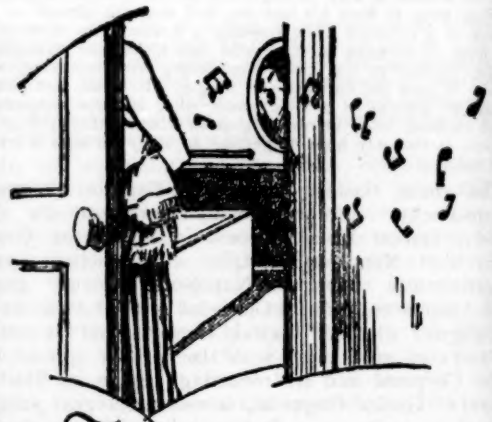
That is the worst of Mr. Gibson's fancy: it has so much more momentum than body, flights come too easily to it. It rushes into metaphor and Pegasus himself does not suffice to draw it, it must have a star to help pull, or "something more substantial than a star." The mild exhilaration produced by Janet's gaseous reflections soon dies down and heaviness takes its place: one ceases to care whom she marries or into how many particles her ego may be split. ("But cannot you see that I am labouring at a disadvantage because when the ego was split . . . women got off with only the shell?") There are several odd figures of speech and unsuccessful excursions into foreign languages: "sublimated love"—"Comtessa"—"*quelque fleurs*"—"they had got quite *intimé* after dinner"—"*toute marcherait bien*"—which convince us that Janet was right in saying she was not intellectual. 'Dragonflies' is iridescent but ephemeral, as its title suggests.

The Best American Short Stories' of 1928 are not so American as usual. They do not move exclusively in a world of home-towns and dry-goods stores and low-down dives. Their protagonists are not all travelling salesmen or cloak models or negro bell-boys. They do not address each other with those peculiar and unpleasing endearments, "honey," and "sweetie," and "cutie," which resound down the interminable corridors which are the novels of Mr. Sinclair Lewis and Mr. Theodore Dreiser. This is a good sign. American writers seemed at one time so much obsessed by the idea that true art can only come as the expression of the writer's own life that their books became mere curiosity-shops of local terms. And often one laboriously spelt out their meaning only to find a theme as interesting and as old as the penny novelette. The latest original masterpiece of American fiction turned out to be a popular success of 1880—redressed in Chicago fashion for 1928. After all, originality comes from the head, not from the hat, and the fact that the "intelligentsia" of New York did not seem to realize this made one despair of

American fiction. However, the stories in the present volume are not aggressively national. Three of the contributors, Miss Canfield, Miss Chambers and Mr. Hurst, do not write about their native country at all, while the contributors that do so do not emphasize the fact. Yet it must be admitted that their stories are not first-rate. There is something fatigued, devitalized about the best of them. Mr. Louis Bromfield writes about an expatriated American spinster in Paris. He is plainly a descendant of Henry James, and writes with some of his acuteness and all of his restraint. But his story lacks the distinction, the moral beauty which makes Henry James memorable. Miss Canfield writes about the Basques, also with care and discrimination, but she is deliberate, uninspired, rather dull. Only Miss Ruth Suckow strikes a spontaneous note. She is of the New England tradition and derives from Louisa Alcott, through Miss Sarah Orme Jewett, and her work still breathes something of that Puritan sweetness. But the theme of her story is the passing of an epoch, and its beauty is melancholy, the pale glow of a sun almost set. Other contributors are less sympathetic. Elizabeth Madox Roberts's story is written partly in the dialect of a sequestered portion of the American hill-country, partly in another dialect, presumably of her own invention. It is hard to say which is the more incomprehensible. "No harm in you to be broguen about a small spell," says one of the characters. Shortly after Miss Roberts takes up the tale:

The sounds, rich with tonality [she says, among other things] rang with some strange sonority, and throbbed with a beat that was like something he could not define, some other, unlike fiddle-playing, but related to it in its unlikeness.

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## SHORTER NOTICES

**Charles Darwin.** By Henshaw Ward. Murray. 21s.

IT is claimed on the paper cover of this book that it "reveals him (Darwin) not as merely one of a flock of evolutionists, but as an original and profound thinker"; and the author in his text uses very similar language. If this somewhat belated revelation were all the book had to offer us, it could hardly be expected to attract much attention, except perhaps in Tennessee. But it makes another revelation of considerably more interest. It shows, almost for the first time, that Darwin's life and work can be treated in a lively, popular style, and his personality made interesting and vivid to the ordinary man in the street, without in any way vulgarizing the subject or distorting the facts. Mr. Ward has deliberately lengthened out the story of Darwin's voyage round the world in the *Beagle*, until it occupies about the same amount of space as the remaining forty-five years of his life, which were spent at home in writing and controversy. He has done so, he explains, not simply to "make a better story," but because, in Darwin's case, the collection of his evidence in those early years has a psychological significance fully equal to the use he afterwards made of it.

**The Memoirs of Count de Grammont.** New Edition, with illustrations by Wilfred Jones. The Bodley Head. 25s.

THIS is a handsome new edition of Grammont's celebrated memoirs of the Courts of Louis XIV and Charles II, originally written in French by the Irish Jacobite, Anthony Hamilton, and translated by Horace Walpole. Probably few books of the kind are better known; but the familiar court scandals, the wicked little tit-bits of gossip, the incredible, mad adventures, seem to acquire a new importance—almost an air of being serious history—in this dignified garb of Venetian Old Style monotype. And Mr. Wilfred Jones's wood-cuts are in keeping with this new mood. There is no air of eighteenth-century flippancy about them; on the contrary Grammont and his wild companions appear here as strong and purposeful men of affairs, always grave in manner, never more stately than when cheating at cards or planning a seduction. There may be some truth in this version. It is, at any rate, a fact that we can forgive in a seventeenth-century Frenchman behaviour which we would dismiss as mere vulgar rascality in any other age or race. Grammont has a charm of his own, which to-day is unblushingly acknowledged, and a real historical value, too, for the discerning reader. This edition is limited to one thousand copies.

**A History of Costume.** By Karl Kohler. Harrap. 18s.

THIS book covers the history of the development of dress throughout the ages from the days of the Egyptians, Hebrews, and Babylonians, etc., to the year 1870. Particular interest lies in the fact that the descriptions have been taken from genuine original costumes, and the idea of posing living individuals in these garments has resulted in many entertaining illustrations. An accurate knowledge of dress and its accessories, in all its phases, is essential to the theatrical producer, and Mr. Kohler's book, in which every type of garment is not merely described but a practical pattern given and measurements supplied, should be a useful addition to his library. Mr. Kohler's method, too, of dealing with the subject of dress from an international standpoint adds to its value. Although a comparatively short book it is extraordinarily detailed in its information.

**Mary Queen of Scots.** By M. K. Siebert. Translated by M. A. Hamilton. Cape. 10s. 6d.

IF Maurice Hewlett, when writing about Mary, had not given us a great novel and a wonderful psychological study, we should have given this piece of reconstruction in historical fiction a high place. It is, indeed, true to what we know of Mary herself, and takes a quite possible view of the Scottish nobles and others who surrounded her, and brought her to ruin, but it falls short of conviction, and to those who know the history of her time is blemished by minor inaccuracies which the translator would have done well to remove. We can recommend this piece of "historical mythology" to the numerous class who would rather read one new book than two old ones. It is illustrated by four portraits, but we should have preferred the Hamilton Palace Darnley and the authentic Bothwell to those here reproduced.

**Love Me, Anise.** By Arthur J. Rees. The Bodley Head. 7s. 6d.

SIR JOHN GORDON is the foremost surgeon, and his wife Anise is one of the most beautiful women in England. She adds to her beauty brains, and an innate quality of reserve, a Gioconda-like allurements. Gwynne, Lord Montreux, is in love with her, and she listens to him, if no more. Esther, her younger sister, at first suspects, then knows. Gordon suspects and knows that she has listened. Then a catastrophe intervenes; Gwynne is struck down with pneumonia, and his care at the crisis is thrown by circumstances on Gordon. He dies, but the situation between husband and wife is unchanged. The author's solution is a little vague in its implications, but he has written a fine story, more in the vein of his 'Cup of Silence' than in that of his admirable detective tales.

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## THE CITY

*Lombard Street, Thursday*

AS these are the last notes that will appear in 1928, the moment may be deemed opportune to deal, from the Stock Exchange point of view, with the year that is so nearly completed. 1928 will probably be referred to in the future as the year of the gramophone boom; although there have been many other features of outstanding activity, sensational rises have been provided in a most marked manner by this section of the industrial market. That the rise in the price of the leading gramophone shares has been justified is shown by recently issued balance sheets; that the rise in many of the new record manufacturing companies has been unjustified will be shown in balance sheets to be presented in twelve months' time. The predominating factor during recent months in the market for the shares of the leading gramophone companies has been the buying from America. This has been so insistent and on so vast a scale that one can only assume that the buying is based on some definite policy which has as its object the formation of a vast gramophone Trust to include the shares of such companies as the Victor Talking Machine, Columbia Graphophone and the Gramophone (H.M.V.) Company. This object may be realized in 1929, but it is reasonably safe to forecast that the boomlike conditions in the shares of gramophones and record manufacturing companies has passed and will not be repeated.

## OTHER INDUSTRIALS

Although gramophone companies have provided the most spectacular rises, there have been many other features of outstanding interest. Regular readers of these notes will remember such shares as Turner and Newall and United Molasses, to both of which I have on so many occasions drawn attention. On December 30, 1927, United Molasses shares were standing at £3 3s. : they are now on the way to £7; it is quite possible that in twelve months' time they will be standing at £10. As for Turner and Newall, these shares were standing at 53s. 6d. when 1928 started. They are now in the neighbourhood of 90s., at which level they still seem a thoroughly sound investment. Another outstanding feature has been provided by Mond Nickels.

## TOBACCO SHARES

As for Tobacco shares, the outstanding feature here has been the creation of the new Tobacco Trust formed as a subsidiary of the British-American Tobacco Company with a directorate whose names are conducive to the greatest confidence. British-American Tobacco shares a year ago stood at about 106s. They are now somewhere about 125s. and shareholders have received a substantial bonus in the interim.

Imperial Tobacco shares have also had their share of attention and have risen from 102s. 6d. to somewhere about 130s. Attention is drawn to the fact that the anxiously awaited Imperial Tobacco Company bonus has not yet matured, and it is reasonably safe to assume that details of it will be forthcoming before 1929 is very far spent.

## ARTIFICIAL SILK

Artificial Silk shares have proved a disappointment, although shareholders in Courtaulds have no reason for dissatisfaction at the bonus they received and the fact that the year ends as it began with their position as the premier Artificial Silk company still unchallenged. British Celanese shares have proved decidedly disappointing, the ordinary having dropped some £3 a share during the year. In this connexion attention is drawn to the speech made by Lord Harris at the Consolidated Goldfields meeting held recently, in which he explained that the Goldfields Company had taken a substantial interest in British Celanese because, presumably after the most careful investigation, they are immensely impressed with the prospects of the concern. It seems possible therefore that in 1929 we may see a decided upward move in the price of British Celanese issues.

## CEMENTS

Another section of the Industrial market which has displayed considerable strength during the past year has been that which specializes in Cement shares, the outstanding feature in this direction having been the agreement that has been reached between the two big groups, the Red Triangle and the Blue Circle. Of the Horne companies, British Cement Products have led the way. At one time this year they were standing at 85s., which is more than double their price of a year ago. In view of the excellent report and balance sheet recently issued by this company, and the plans for its further developments which are under consideration, it seems probable that these shares will reach higher prices in 1929.

## OILS

Turning to the oil share market, a comparison of prices gives us a somewhat mixed result. Shells and V.O.C. are standing at higher prices to-day than a year ago, while the reverse is the case with other counters in this market. The outlook for oil shares appears promising, and it would not be surprising to find the oil market a centre of considerable activity in the early spring of next year. Those desirous of anticipating this movement might consider the desirability of investing in Shells, Anglo-Persian and Burmah Oil.

## NEW ISSUES

No review of 1928 would be complete without making reference to the enormous number of new issues that have been made during the last few months. Many of these are to exploit new inventions and it is feared that shareholders in a large number of them are doomed to disappointment when they find that prospectus estimates are by no means fulfilled in balance sheet actualities. At the same time many issues have been devoted to intelligent amalgamation of kindred businesses, and shareholders in these companies can look to the end of 1929 for dividends that will justify the promoters' optimism.

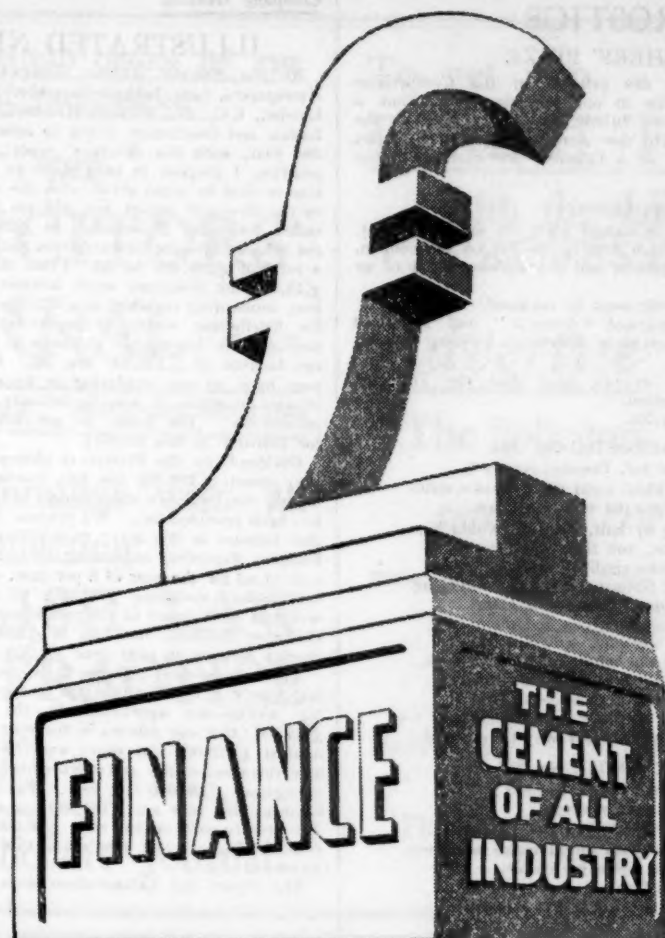
## COMPANY MEETING

In this issue will be found a report of the meeting of Illustrated Newspapers Limited.

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**5, LOTHBURY, LONDON, E.C.2.**

## THE CITY

*Lombard Street, Thursday*

AS these are the last notes that will appear in 1928, the moment may be deemed opportune to deal, from the Stock Exchange point of view, with the year that is so nearly completed. 1928 will probably be referred to in the future as the year of the gramophone boom; although there have been many other features of outstanding activity, sensational rises have been provided in a most marked manner by this section of the industrial market. That the rise in the price of the leading gramophone shares has been justified is shown by recently issued balance sheets; that the rise in many of the new record manufacturing companies has been unjustified will be shown in balance sheets to be presented in twelve months' time. The predominating factor during recent months in the market for the shares of the leading gramophone companies has been the buying from America. This has been so insistent and on so vast a scale that one can only assume that the buying is based on some definite policy which has as its object the formation of a vast gramophone Trust to include the shares of such companies as the Victor Talking Machine, Columbia Graphophone and the Gramophone (H.M.V.) Company. This object may be realized in 1929, but it is reasonably safe to forecast that the boomlike conditions in the shares of gramophones and record manufacturing companies has passed and will not be repeated.

### OTHER INDUSTRIALS

Although gramophone companies have provided the most spectacular rises, there have been many other features of outstanding interest. Regular readers of these notes will remember such shares as Turner and Newall and United Molasses, to both of which I have on so many occasions drawn attention. On December 30, 1927, United Molasses shares were standing at £3 3s.: they are now on the way to £7; it is quite possible that in twelve months' time they will be standing at £10. As for Turner and Newall, these shares were standing at 53s. 6d. when 1928 started. They are now in the neighbourhood of 90s., at which level they still seem a thoroughly sound investment. Another outstanding feature has been provided by Mond Nickels.

### TOBACCO SHARES

As for Tobacco shares, the outstanding feature here has been the creation of the new Tobacco Trust formed as a subsidiary of the British-American Tobacco Company with a directorate whose names are conducive to the greatest confidence. British-American Tobacco shares a year ago stood at about 106s. They are now somewhere about 125s. and shareholders have received a substantial bonus in the interim.

Imperial Tobacco shares have also had their share of attention and have risen from 102s. 6d. to somewhere about 130s. Attention is drawn to the fact that the anxiously awaited Imperial Tobacco Company bonus has not yet matured, and it is reasonably safe to assume that details of it will be forthcoming before 1929 is very far spent.

### ARTIFICIAL SILK

Artificial Silk shares have proved a disappointment, although shareholders in Courtaulds have no reason for dissatisfaction at the bonus they received and the fact that the year ends as it began with their position as the premier Artificial Silk company still unchallenged. British Celanese shares have proved decidedly disappointing, the ordinary having dropped some £3 a share during the year. In this connexion attention is drawn to the speech made by Lord Harris at the Consolidated Goldfields meeting held recently, in which he explained that the Goldfields Company had taken a substantial interest in British Celanese because, presumably after the most careful investigation, they are immensely impressed with the prospects of the concern. It seems possible therefore that in 1929 we may see a decided upward move in the price of British Celanese issues.

### CEMENTS

Another section of the Industrial market which has displayed considerable strength during the past year has been that which specializes in Cement shares, the outstanding feature in this direction having been the agreement that has been reached between the two big groups, the Red Triangle and the Blue Circle. Of the Horne companies, British Cement Products have led the way. At one time this year they were standing at 85s., which is more than double their price of a year ago. In view of the excellent report and balance sheet recently issued by this company, and the plans for its further developments which are under consideration, it seems probable that these shares will reach higher prices in 1929.

### OILS

Turning to the oil share market, a comparison of prices gives us a somewhat mixed result. Shells and V.O.C. are standing at higher prices to-day than a year ago, while the reverse is the case with other counters in this market. The outlook for oil shares appears promising, and it would not be surprising to find the oil market a centre of considerable activity in the early spring of next year. Those desirous of anticipating this movement might consider the desirability of investing in Shells, Anglo-Persian and Burmah Oil.

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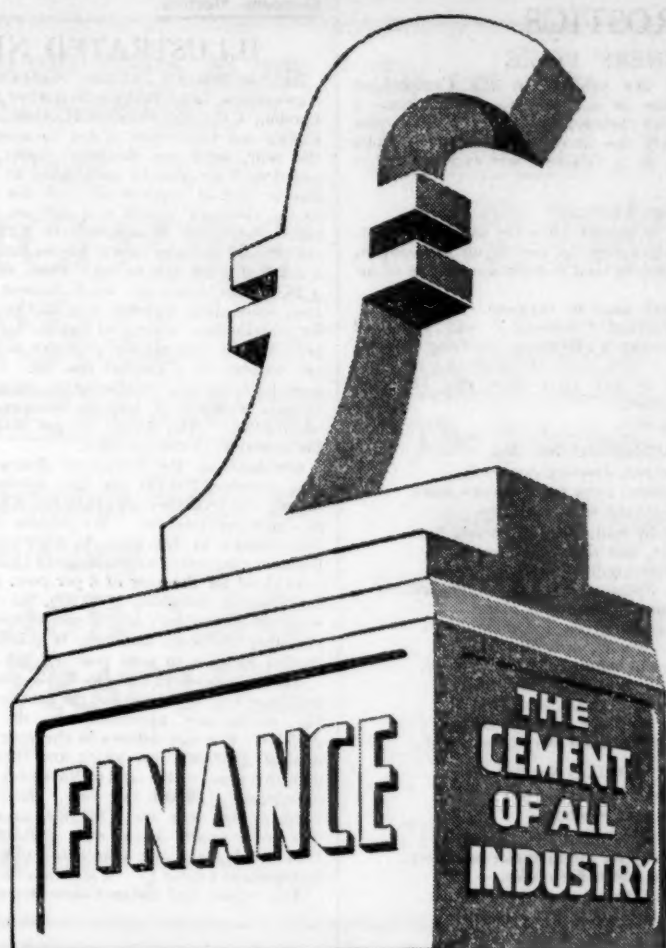
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## ACROSTICS

## PUBLISHERS' PRIZE

The firms whose names are printed on the Competition Coupon offer a Weekly Prize in our Acrostic Competition—a book reviewed, at length or briefly, in that issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW in which the Acrostic appears. (Books mentioned in 'New Books at a Glance' are excluded: they may be reviewed later.)

## RULES

1. The book chosen must be named when the solution is sent.
2. It must be published by a firm in the list on the coupon, its price must not exceed a guinea, and it must not be one of an edition sold only in sets.
3. The coupon for the week must be enclosed.
4. Envelopes must be marked "Acrostic" and addressed to the Acrostic Editor, SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2.
5. Solutions must reach us not later than the Thursday following the date of publication.
6. Ties will be decided by lot.

## DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 354

(CLOSING DATE: First post, Thursday, January 3)

TWO FAMOUS ACTORS THESE, EACH WELL-KNOWN NAME  
INSCRIBED UPON OUR ENGLISH ROLL OF FAME.

1. Ten years! Too long by half, sir, that would be.
2. Clever, but leave it out, and then you'll see!
3. Of five I'm one. "Take credit!" cries my heart.
4. Aches, pains, wounds, festering sores in every part.
5. A factious leader. (Core: a fearsome giant).
6. Rapacious, but with centre green and pliant.
7. Strong, lusty, sturdy, stalwart, strapping, stout.
8. Three-fourths of what our earth can't do without.
9. Two-thirds of one as ocean's wave unstable.
10. Two-thirds of what we'll euphemise to fable.
11. Upon the stage you've seen her lightly bound.
12. To him some famous steeds their way have found.

## DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 352

A SUBSTANCE STRONG BUT EASY TO BE BENT;

ANOTHER OF A VERY FRAGRANT SCENT:

PRODUCTS OF TWO VAST CREATURES OF THE DEEP.

1. Curtail him: his forced jests might make one weep.
2. In curing ills the Arabs deem me clever.
3. Died like a fool?—His father from him sever.
4. What stores of garnered wisdom this contains!
5. Transmits all sounds of rapture to our brains.
6. No solid earth, but treacherous moss and mire.
7. Heart of a heart is what we now require.
8. Two-thirds of one who learnt his trade but newly.
9. Spite of the bird, don't value them unduly.

## Solution of Acrostic No. 352

W	Ag	12 Sam. iii. 33.	"Died Abner as a fool
H	aki	M	dieth?" (A.V.) Abner was the son of
A		Bner	Ner.
L	iteratur	E	2 The Tern or Sea-swallow is a well-known
E	a	R	bird.
B	o	G	
CO		Re	Whalebone is obtained from the Green-
N	ov	Ice	land whale, ambergris from the Sperm-
Ex	tern	alS	whale or Cachalot, which has teeth in its lower jaw.

ACROSTIC No. 352.—The winner is "N. O. Sellam," Mr. G. K. Malleon, 64 Gordon Road, Ealing, who has selected as his prize 'The Diary of Tolstoy's Wife,' published by Gollancz and reviewed in our columns on December 15, under the title 'Unhappy Wives.' One other competitor named this book, 36 chose 'Essays in Satire,' 16 'Gilbert White,' 9 'Religious Fanaticism,' etc., etc.

ALSO CORRECT.—A. E., A. de V. Blathwayt, Bolo, Boskerris, Ceyx, Clam, Dhault, H. C. M., Hetrians, Miss Kelly, Lady Mottram, Dr. Pearce, Sisyphus.

ONE LIGHT WRONG.—Armada, E. Barrett, Mrs. R. H. Boothroyd, Mrs. Robt. Brown, Carlton, Chailey, J. Chambers, J. R. Cripps, Crayke, Maud Crowther, D. L., M. East, Ebor, G. M. Fowler, E. W. Fox, G. H. France, Ganesh, Glamis, James Hall, G. H. Hammond, Iago, Jeff, Mrs. Lole, Martha, A. M. W. Maxwell, George W. Miller, Mrs. Milne, H. de R. Morgan, Margaret Owen, Peter, F. M. Petty, Quis, Rho Kappa, G. H. Rodolph, Schoolie, Shorwell, Spyella, St. Ives, Stucco, F. G. Timm, Twyford, C. J. Warden, A. R. Wheeler, Capt. W. R. Wolseley, Yendu.

TWO LIGHTS WRONG.—Mrs. J. Butler, Mrs. Alice Crooke, Elizabeth, C. W. S. Ellis, Farsdon, Cyril E. Ford, Gay, Hanworth, Ilex, Imp, John Lennie, Lillian, Madge, Margaret, J. F. Maxwell, Met, Miss Moore, M. T., G. A. Newall, Rand, Remmap, Mrs. A. T. Shaw, William T. Storrs, H. M. Vaughan, Ve, Mrs. Violet G. Wilson, Zyk. All others more.

For Light 4 Literature is preferable to Lore, which does not contain, but is, a store of knowledge or wisdom.

G. H. HAMMOND.—A Light omitted simply counts as one Light wrong, both in the Weekly and Quarterly Competition.

ACROSTIC No. 351.—Correct: Margarita Skene.

## Company Meeting

## ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS

At the SECOND ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of Illustrated Newspapers, Ltd., held on December 21, at Cannon Street Hotel, London, E.C., Mr. William Harrison, LL.B (the chairman), said: Ladies and Gentlemen—I beg to submit to you the accounts for the year, with the directors' report, and, following the usual practice, I propose to take them as read. I would, however, like to deal in some detail with the accounts. If you will turn to the directors' report you will see that the profit for the year ended November 30 amounts to £268,883 18s. 3d., and adding the amount brought forward from last year of £19,575 6s. we get a total of £288,459 4s. 3d. From this sum have to be deducted £18,000 for debenture stock interest and £4,150 for directors' fees, amounting together to £22,150, leaving a balance available for distribution, subject to income-tax, of £266,309 4s. 3d. The provision for income-tax amounts to £47,318 6s. 1d., leaving a net balance of £218,990 18s. 2d. I should just like to interpose here, as one employing or responsible for the employment of vast numbers of men in industry, to stress the point about income-tax. The sooner we get that down the better it will be for industry in this country.

Dividends on the Preference shares for the year, less income-tax, absorb £100,792 16s. 2d., leaving available for distribution among the Ordinary shareholders £118,198 2s., after income-tax has been provided for. We propose this year to apply this available balance in this way: to wipe out the remainder of the preliminary expenses, amounting to £21,243 6s. 1d., and to pay a dividend for the year of 8 per cent. on the Ordinary shares, less income-tax, absorbing £89,600, so that the sum required to write off the balance of the preliminary expenses and to meet the Ordinary dividend, less tax, is £110,843 6s. 1d., leaving to be carried forward to next year £7,354 15s. 11d.

The balance-sheet calls for little comment when compared with last year's. We find that the stocks—we are not carrying very big stocks—are approximately the same—some £14,000 or £15,000; that our debtors in the year under review are £201,000 against £229,000 last year; and that the cash at bank and in hand this year, at the end of November, is £135,000 approximately, as against £139,000 last year. The sundry creditors and credit balances this year are £141,859, as against £134,000 last year. The greater part—at any rate, £60,000 or £60,000—of the sundry creditors in both last year's and this year's accounts consists of income-tax.

The report and balance-sheet were unanimously adopted.

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